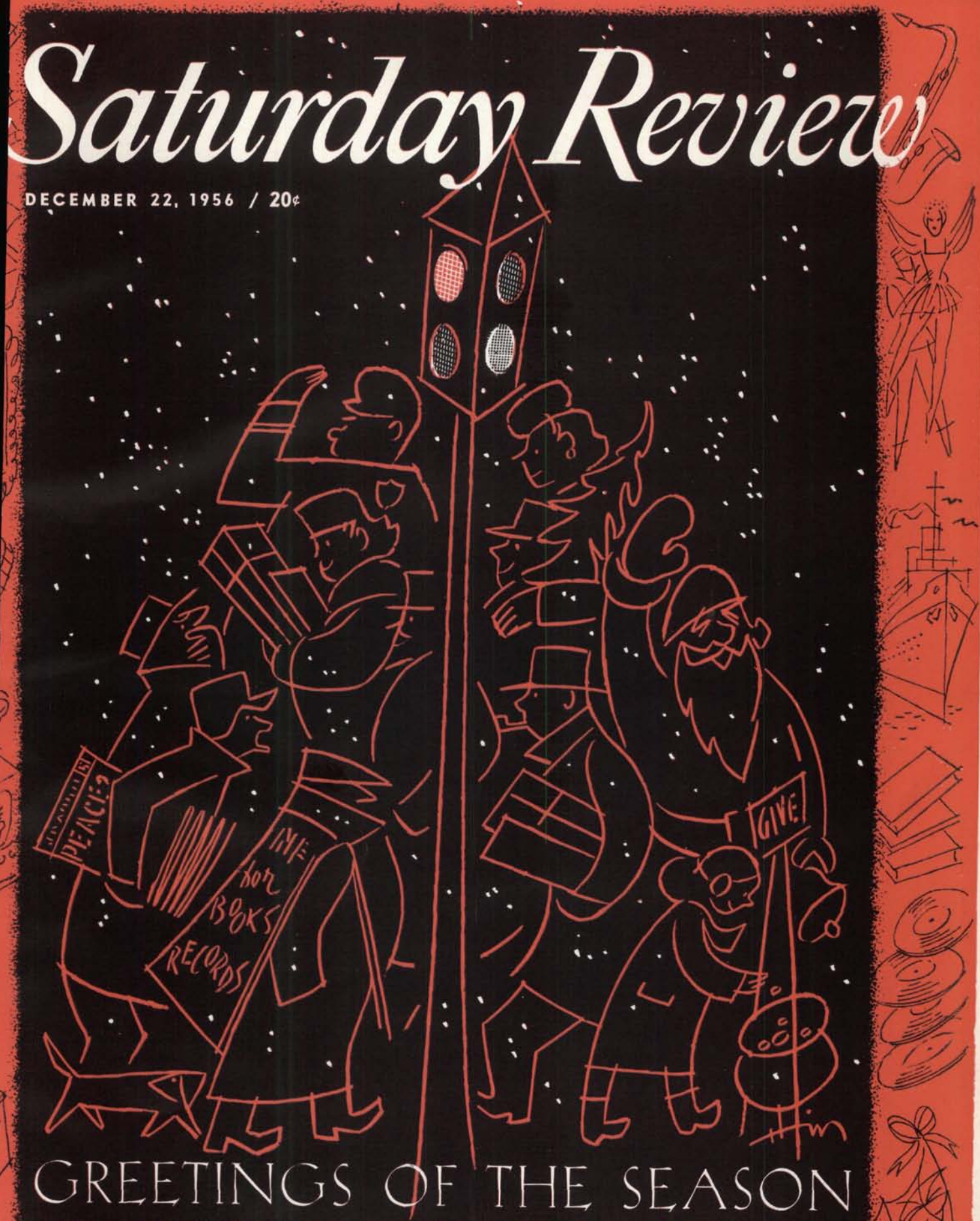
WOODROW WILSON AND 1912 . . . by John Wells Davidson

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 22, 1956 / 20¢



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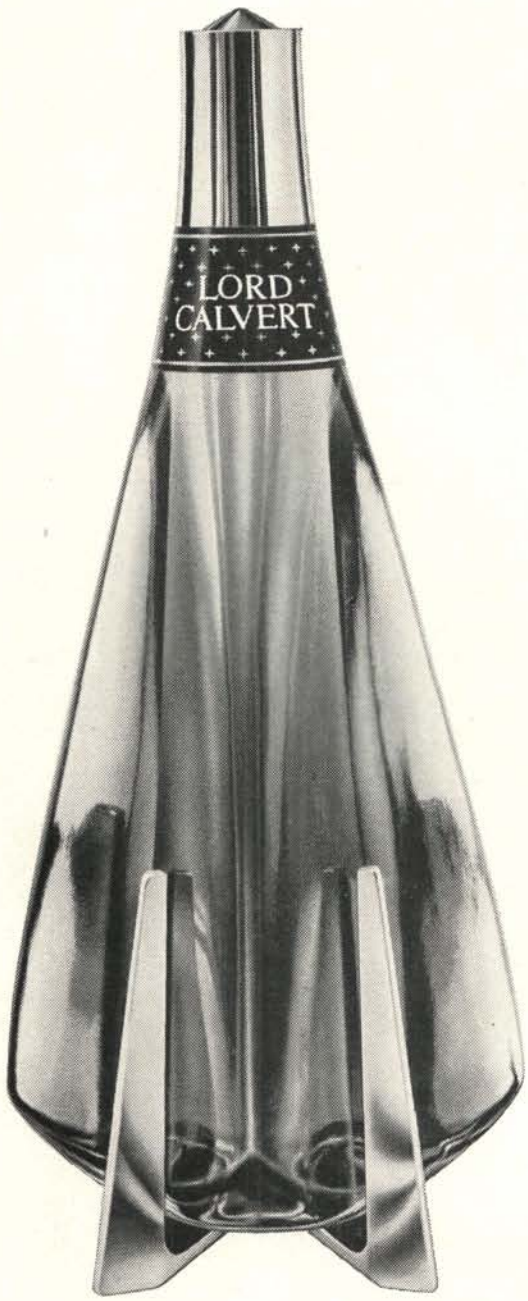

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I HAVE BEEN JUST about talking my fool head off in the past two months on a far-flung and deeply enjoyed (by me) lecture tour that included visits to the following colleges and universities: the new U.S. Air Force Academy, Wyoming, Drew, MIT, Dartmouth, Clark, Bradley, Notre Dame, St. Mary's, and Indiana. I was emphasizing the riches to be found in good books and the value of a sense

of humor in these days of perpetual crisis. Politics was far removed from the scope of my remarks. And yet it was impossible not to observe one very important change of outlook on every campus I visited. The Democratic Party has squandered a huge advantage that it held among university men and women as recently as November 1952.

The reasons why so many students have turned—with distinct reservations—toward Republicanism are obvious: (1) Dwight Eisenhower is probably the most popular, most universally admired man in the history of the country, and (2) equally important, the behavior of the ultra-reactionary or neanderthal group in the Democratic Party has become simply too revolting to stomach any longer. There are young leaders emerging in Democratic ranks who have it in them to win back undergraduate affections, but first they are going to have to do a bit of long-overdue housecleaning. To a college student one Eastland in an important Senate chairmanship is enough to overbalance a half-dozen admitted deficiencies in the Republican set-up. I have not met a single student or professor who had one kind word to say about a Senate procedure which awards the chair on key committees by virtue of seniority instead of sound qualifications for the post.

THE U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY is being built in the shadow of Pike's Peak, sixteen miles north of Colorado Springs. The site embraces twenty-seven square miles—almost exactly the area of the island of Bermuda—and boasts superb scenery and air like champagne. The first two classes —some 700 cadets in all—occupy temporary quarters at Lowry Field in Denver; Brig. Gen. "Moose" Stillman, Commandant of Cadets, expresses the hope that the first class may graduate

at the completed new Academy in June 1959. Already the USAFA football team, nicknamed the Falcons, is pointing toward future encounters with Army and Navy.

The first dress parade in the history of the Academy was indicative of the spirit that prevails there. Three hundred cadets who had arrived in Denver within the past twenty-four hours, and never had laid eyes on one another before, managed somehow to put on such a show and hold their lines with such precision that visiting military bigwigs burst into spontaneous applause.

And what, I asked, had become of that controversial blueprint for the new Academy chapel? It has been sunk without a trace. In fact, no agreement has yet been reached on what the chapel *should* look like. Presumably it will be the last building completed in the area.

WHILE IN DENVER I had the opportunity, too, to visit the just-opened new Library, one of the most beautiful I

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ever have seen, and obviously the pride and joy both of librarian Joe Eastlick and Mayor Will Nicholson. Particularly noteworthy are the juvenile department—so attractive that kids are flocking to it from every

corner of the city—and the department of Western history, with invaluable source books for authors writing about the wide open spaces.

Denver has a new and dynamic impresario in the person of Blanche Witherspoon, former director of the Metropolitan Opera Guild in New York and widow of the noted basso Herbert Witherspoon. Teaming up with local socialite Peggy Grimes, Mrs. Witherspoon established the Denver Town Hall (and others in Colorado Springs and Grand Junction) just a little over a year ago, and has already progressed to the point where she has booked for next season "The Matchmaker" and—hold your hats!—"My Fair Lady."

On the fourteenth step of the stairway leading to the state capitol there is a plaque reading "One Mile Above Sea Level." The wonderful climate keeps everybody bustling happily—particularly the efficient book people at the May Company and Daniels & Fisher. D. & F. will be in their new store within the year; it's part of the grandiose new Courthouse Square development under construction by Bill Zeckendorf & Co. And *The Denver Post*, with colorful Palmer Hoyt in the editor's chair, has become one of the most powerful newspapers in the country. Denver was one city I definitely hated to leave!

AT MIT, THEY TELL of a bumbling old mossback who delivered a speech at Yale. "Every letter in your university's name stands for something," he announced. "The 'Y' is for 'youth,'

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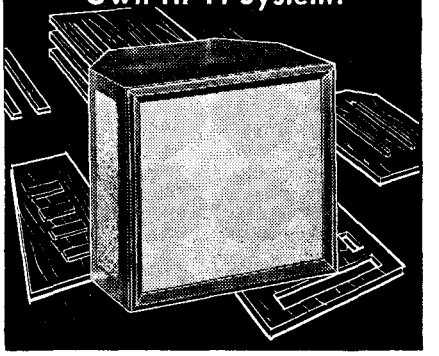

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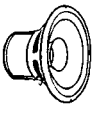

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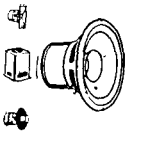

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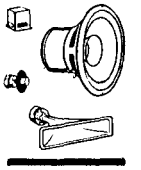

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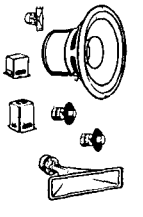

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the 'A' is for 'ambition,' the 'L' is for 'loyalty' and the 'E' is for 'endeavor' —and I mean to say a few words about each of these subjects." Two hours later he completed his peroration, most of his audience having sneaked out or fallen asleep in the course thereof. "Does anybody wish to add anything to what I have said?" he inquired rashly. "I do," proclaimed a student in the front row. "Let us just give thanks you aren't speaking at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology!"

AT CLARK, I HEARD much about former student Sam Behrman, who described his undergraduate days so graphically in "Worcester Account"; at Dartmouth, they were still telling stories about former students Budd Schulberg and Ted Geisel ("Dr. Seuss"). Meanwhile drama director Walter Roach was breaking a tooth on a pit in a piece of cherry pie and noting ruefully "This pie is more to be pitted than censored." I admired the Hanover Inn, Ruby Daggett in the Book Store, the superb Baker Library, and anthropologist Elmer Harp and his orchidaceous bride, Elaine, in the order named. Harp, no ivory-tower dweller he, flew a Piper Cub deep into the wilds of Canada all alone last summer—a tour which Mrs. H. seemed to regard with as much enthusiasm as my own wife, Phyllis, lavishes on my lecture routines.

NOTRE DAME I FOUND somewhat subdued by a strangely unsuccessful football season. "A team shouldn't win *ALL* the time," I suggested. "An occasional defeat teaches humility." "Agreed," said my guide, "but five losses straight is too much humility altogether!" Somebody suggested that Adlai Stevenson be made Notre Dame football coach in 1957—"because he only loses once every four years." I will have more to say about Notre Dame and my visit to St. Mary's—just across the state highway—in a future column.

I FOUND OLD friends waiting for me at Indiana—one of the great universities, incidentally, of the country: Dave Randall, happily spending the millions bequeathed to the Library by philanthropist Lilly, and just married to Mary Altmiller, his childhood sweetheart from Hazleton, Pennsylvania; author Jerry Ellison; Bernard Perry of the Press; Jim Work, head of the English department, and well-fed Prexy Wells enjoy amazing popularity on the campus. Work, a ringer for the Ernest Hemingway of twenty-five years ago, had just built a magnificent modernistic house at Stanford when he was lured to Bloomington. He brought the blueprint with him and had an exact duplicate erected in Indiana! One look at the house and you understand why.

I LOOKED WITH astonishment at some 5,500 people crowded into the Bradley Field House to hear me and asked trustee Jack Read, "Is this a new building?" "It's one of the oldest on the campus," scoffed Read. "It dates all the way back to 1948!" Bradley's high-powered President Roads (inevitably known as "Dusty") is only thirty-four years old himself. Previous speaker at the Field House, he told me, was President Eisenhower, and while the President was waiting with Roads and Mamie E. in a trailer back of the stage entrance she pulled out a pocket comb and attempted to straighten D.E.'s hair. "She always does this," laughed the President. "She doesn't seem to realize I only have about three hairs left. I call them Helen, Edna, and Ellen." Later Roads and an A.P. scribe pondered over the significance of these names, finally decided Helen must be named for a favorite secretary in the White House, Edna a hurricane of yesteryear—and Ellen the former wife of Governor Stevenson!

I heard a tale, too, about one of Bradley's all-star basketball teams. Seems the coach was particularly anxious that they take Yale into camp, so just before game-time was heard exhorting them, "Men, you are about to engage in combat the sons of your future employers. *BUT*—they are not your employers *YET*—so go out there and beat hell out of them." They did, too! Merry Christmas!

—Bennett Cerf.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 704

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 704 will be found in the next issue.

TBHDS: KF DFQRNVICFR UBN

PBTQRCNDFH K ANCZVGDSC.

—CTPCNR EVPPKNG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 703

An acquaintance that begins with a compliment is sure to develop into a real friendship.

—Oscar Wilde.

The Literary Sampler

THE PIRATE AS EXECUTIVE: Nearly every successful pirate captain, virtually by definition, had worked his way up from the bottom. And the odds against it were high. The best results were usually obtained by group enterprise. To become a captain, a pirate not only had to prove himself tougher and more daring than some very tough and very daring, not to say foolhardy, fellow pirates, but he also had to be elected captain by the crew. A pirate martinet was rare; the captain could be deposed by a single vote of the crew. The occupational hazards were many and attrition was high. For every pirate who successfully commanded his own ship a large number died.

—From "Pirates: Rascals of the Spanish Main," by A. B. C. Whipple. (To be published January 24 by Doubleday at $4.50.)

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS FROM THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE: *Royal Proclamation:* Whereas we have already given orders to the Master of our Revels and also to Both the Companies of Comedians, Acting in *Drury-Lane*, and *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, to take special care, That Nothing be Acted in either of the Theatres contrary to Religion, or Good Manners, upon Pain of Our High Displeasure, and of being Silenc'd from Further Acting: And being further desirous to reform all other Indecencies, and Abuses of the Stage, which have Occasion'd great Disorders, and Justly give Offence: Our Will and Pleasure therefore is, and We do hereby strictly Command, That no Person of what Quality soever, Presume to go Behind the Scenes, or come upon the Stage, either before, or during the Acting of any Play. That no Woman be Allow'd or Presume to wear a Vizard-Mask in either of the theatres.—Order of Queen Anne, published in London *Daily Courant*, January 24, 1704.

Advertisement: The Venetian Wash, being a Most Excellent Water, to Beautify and add Loveliness to the Face, by taking out all sorts of Freckles, Morphew, Sun-Brown and Yellowness. 1s. the Bottle. A Dentifrice to Whiten the Teeth; Being an Excellent Powder of so singular a Virtue, that Teeth, tho' black as Ebony, being rubbed with it, will to Admiration, be as White as Ivory. 6d. the Box.—*London Post*, March 18-20, 1702.

—From "Rogues, Royalty, and Reporters," edited by William Bragg Ewald, Jr. (To be published January 17 by Houghton Mifflin at $6.)

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 22, 1956

WOODROW WILSON AND 1912

Intellectual on the Stump

December 28, 1956, is the 100th birthday of the only professional historian ever to occupy the White House. A marvelous orator and stylist, as well as a wilful, reforming Chief Executive, Woodrow Wilson proved that the intellectual politician had not become extinct with Jefferson. John Wells Davidson is assistant professor of history at the University of Maryland and editor of "A Crossroads of Freedom" (Yale University Press), a collection of Wilson's addresses in the 1912 campaign.

—Sir William Orpen.

By JOHN WELLS DAVIDSON

THE pages of American history are filled with descriptions of engaging political figures who gained prominence primarily through personality—by the radiation of confidence and warmth rather than by the advocacy of constructive measures and principles—and sometimes the American people have gone so far as to elevate a man of this type to the leadership of a major political party. The opportunist, whose principles are pliant before the political winds, is also a common figure.

Much rarer is the American politician who makes his appeal to the voters by letting them know where he stands and what he proposes to do and why. Such a leader usually realizes that he is taking a road beset with dangers, which are all the more perilous if he is identified as an intellectual, for he almost always chooses to make his program greater than himself. The main function of his writings and his addresses is more sharply and excitingly to articulate his personal vision, and in so doing he often performs a larger service by willing to succeeding generations great principles and inspiration which enrich our political tradition. Such a man was the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1912—Woodrow Wilson.

Wilson in 1912 was an exceptionally intellectual and articulate candidate. His campaign speeches are the more striking when we consider that all of them—except for the Speech of Acceptance—were delivered extemporaneously, usually from a brief outline on a single sheet, and entirely without benefit of ghostwriters and experts on mass psychology. Fortunately, he had with him throughout nearly all of the campaign a brilliant nineteen-year-old shorthand reporter, Charles L. Swem, whose faithful word-by-word recordings of Wilson's actual words have made it possible to reconstruct his campaign speeches with accuracy. Years of office, illness, and the intransigence of some elements in the United States, as well as the failure of certain Europeans to comprehend him, may have deprived the last part of his record of the consistency he strove for. But in 1912, when he first stood before the voters of the country, he caught their imagination. He proposed to bring entirely unprecedented powers of brain and character and analysis to bear on the national business. Without drawing a parallel between the speeches of this campaign and those to which we have just been exposed in 1956, we must confess to a pride in the form of government and an electorate which could absorb the first-rate moral and philosophical thinking Wilson put forth.

Wilson's 1912 campaign revolved around two poles: economic reform and social justice. Underlying both of these problems was the fundamen-

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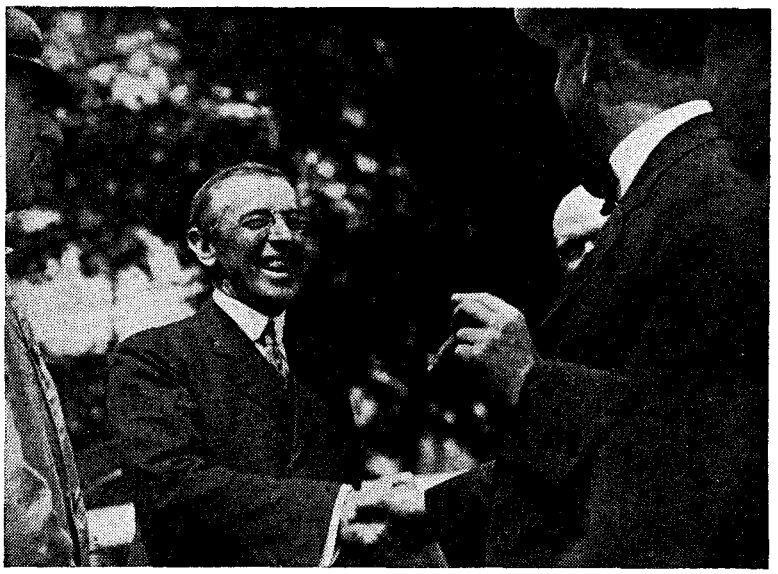


—*Culver.*

Woodrow Wilson—". . . exceptionally intellectual and articulate candidate."

tal issue of how much use should be made of the powers of the Federal Government for the welfare of the people. It must be remembered that in 1912 foreign policy was not an issue in the Presidential campaign; most Americans were but little concerned with foreign problems. The United States, it is true, had adopted a more forceful policy vis-à-vis Latin America following the Spanish-American War. Our intervention in Panama, the decision to build an isthmian canal, the Roosevelt Corollary, and Taft's "Dollar Diplomacy" had made us vulnerable to the charge of imperialism, but we had not yet become so deeply involved as to initiate large-scale armed intervention in the affairs of our neighbors, and indeed the rest of the world seemed remarkably remote from us and from our daily lives.

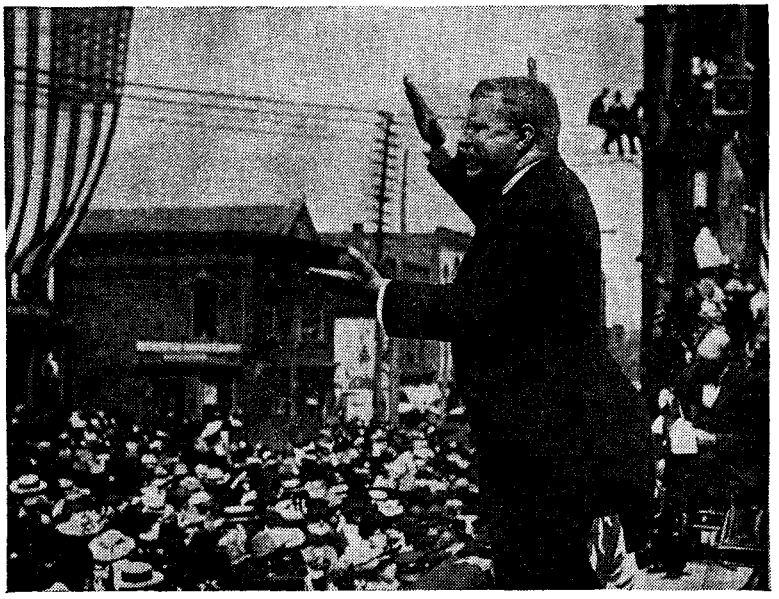
What did exercise America was the effects of its own rapid internal growth, and the associated growth of industrial corporations of enormous size and as yet undefined power which many thought might threaten the whole republican system of government. In these circumstances the Progressive movement was at full flood across the entire country, demanding effective legislation to control or destroy monopoly as well as democratization of governmental machinery and social reform. Wilson's chief opponent in 1912—Theodore Roosevelt—was generally identified in the public mind as the leading champion of at least one brand of progressivism. Yet it was clear that not enough had yet been done. In 1912 the preeminent concern of the American people was still to find the way to integrate the corporate giants of the Industrial Revolution into our national life without destroying them or allowing our essential liberties to be infringed.

Both of the principal contestants for the Presidency were outspoken progressives. Wilson's brand of progressivism was different from Roosevelt's. Wilson claimed that Roosevelt believed in regulating monopoly, and thereby sanctioning it. On the other hand, Wilson believed in regulating competition so as to prevent the growth of monopoly and to preserve free enterprise and individualism. But this, he was sure, could be accomplished only by freeing government from the influence of big business, and in view of the Republican Party's record it was something only the Democratic Party could effectuate.

One of the most interesting facts emerging from a study of Wilson's actual spoken words as recorded in Swem's stenographic notes is that one of the great issues of the campaign came about when a statement of Wilson's was lifted out of its context in such a way as to give it a meaning quite different from what Wilson intended to say. This was his famous statement at the New York Press Club on September 9, 1912: "The history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it."

This statement was carried in extracts from a stenographic report of the speech in *The New York Tribune,* a copy of which came into Theodore Roosevelt's hands in Ogden, Utah, where he was touring in behalf of his own new third party, the Progressives. He picked up the remark at once. After mentioning that he had read the stenographic report of the New York Press Club address in the *Tribune,* Roosevelt charged that the "history of liberty" statement was "the key to Mr. Wilson's position," calling it "laissez-faire doctrine of the English political economists three-quarters of a century ago," capable of being applied with profit "only in a primitive community under primitive conditions." To apply it to the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century, he contended, "means literally and absolutely to refuse to make a single effort to better any one of our social or industrial conditions."

Now, the significant thing is that the text of Wilson's New York Press Club speech as Theodore Roosevelt read it in the *Tribune* entirely omitted a long and highly important passage imme-



-Underwood and Underwood.

Theodore Roosevelt—". . . leading champion of one brand of progressivism."

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diately preceding the "history of liberty" statement. An examination of a transcript of Swem's shorthand notes reveals that in this part of his address Wilson was denouncing the close alliance between the Federal Government and big business, a relation which he predicted would be perpetuated if Roosevelt should be elected and put into effect his plan to regulate monopoly. "Who will guarantee to us," the Democratic candidate asked,

> that this machine will be just and pitiful? Do we conceive social betterment to lie in the pitiful use of irresistible power? Or do we conceive it to arise out of the irresistible might of a body of free men? Has justice ever grown in the soil of absolute power? Has not justice always come from the press of the heart and spirit of men who resist power?
>
> Liberty has never come from the government. Liberty has always come from the subjects of the government. The history of liberty is a history of resistance. [Now comes the sentence that Roosevelt described as the "key to Mr. Wilson's position."] The history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not the increase of it. Do these gentlemen dream that in the year 1912 we have discovered a unique exception to the movement of human history? Do they dream that the whole character of those who exercise power has changed, that it is no longer a temptation? Above all things else do they dream that men are bred great enough now to be a Providence to the people over whom they preside?

It is quite evident that in effect Roosevelt quoted the "history of liberty" statement out of context, but he did make Wilson realize the necessity of stating his position more carefully, and of answering his opponent.

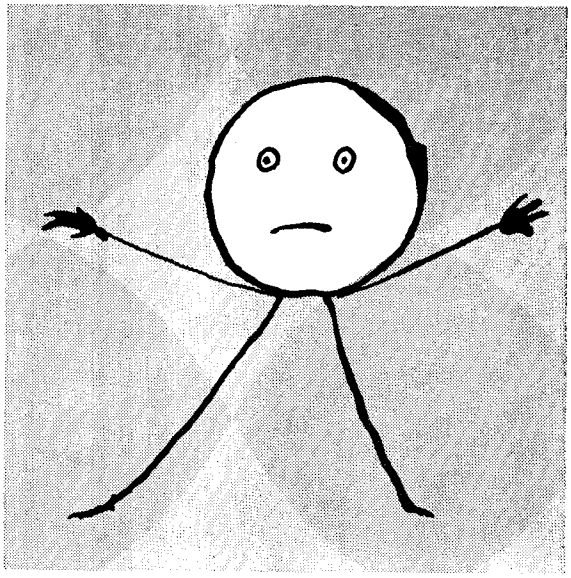
Two weeks after his New York Press Club appearance Wilson, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, answered the charge of Roosevelt and other Progressive Republicans that he opposed an extension of the Federal powers in the interest of the people. After saying he was against "the mere presentation to audiences of the abstract conceptions of government," he put himself on record as hostile to a narrow Jeffersonianism:

> Of course, this was intended to be a government of free citizens and of equal opportunity, but how are we going to make it such? That is the question. Because I realize that while we are follow-

(*Continued on page* 39)

THE ULTIMATE MESSAGE

THE ART OF LONGJUJU



—*Portrait by Longjuju.*

By LORD DUNSANY

NOTHING in our time has been more exquisitely adumbrated, nothing is of more profound significance, than this superbity, for no other word can describe it, by Longjuju. It illustrates in every line of it, if ever a picture did, the overwhelming dominance of the intellect. To Longjuju it is intellect or nothing. Note the size of the head in relation to that of the limbs, and then the roundness of it, surely showing that the artist has here drawn inspiration from the sun, the life-giving center of our universe. It can be no accident that he has drawn only three fingers and a thumb on each hand, for Longjuju does not have accidents: every line of his is the product of profound thought and is only put upon canvas when that thought has proliferated in 1,000 cells and brought forth final perfection. No, it is no accident, but shows a studied carelessness, almost divine, for the inessential. For not to understand that fingers, thumbs, limbs, and indeed everything are inessential when compared with the intellect is not to understand Longjuju. Note that he has drawn no body at all: it is only another insistence on what the world is forgetting, that it is the intellect only that counts. In no other age could his message have been so aptly given, and it comes now as the summary of the wisdom of the mid-twentieth century, what the Victorian poets in their rather feeble language would have called the trumpet of a prophecy. Note also, but do not venture to criticize, the apparent careless drawing of the legs. But it is no actual carelessness. Every inch, every minim of those lines, has been carefully thought out before it was ever committed to canvas, and it is not carelessness that is their grand motif, but contempt for the inessential. That is Longjuju's message to the age, the inessentiality of all but the intellect, a thing I need stress no further, for it is insistent in his picture and shines urgently out of it to irradiate all who can see. Guided by Longjuju, then, let us turn to the fruits of the intellect, which it has showered so liberally upon this age as to bury deep out of our sight the pleasantries of Tennyson, the vaporings of Keats, the vapid outpourings of Milton, and the empty railings of Byron against Fate. Where first shall we turn as we look for all this treasure? I say, emphatically, to Longjuju himself. Here in the round candid carefree expression, with the neglected body and scorned limbs, here in this picture itself we have the ultimate message, the message our century has brought at the end of the ages, which the men of all former ages did not dare even to fumble with. This picture is our culture's final achievement. The doors of the Metropolitan are open. Let this picture be carried through.

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The Summing-up in Books for 1956

At this time of the year, when it is customary for men to total up their accounts for the preceding twelvemonth, SR *joins in the spirit of the season with a retrospective look at the literary world: at the general run of books in the article below, at books about crime on page 14, at books of verse on page 15, and at the book business itself on page 14. Fifty-two critics pick out the outstanding books in fiction, poetry, and general fields on page 12.*

By RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

THE most spectacular literary "event" of 1956 began one October morning when a slim, brown, twenty-one-year-old girl with a "wise little monkey face" de-planed at Idlewild Airport from the overnight flight from Paris to be greeted by the American communications industry in full battle array: reporters, photographers, television and newsreel cameramen. This demonstration had been excited by the publication shortly before of a brief novel called "A Certain Smile," which was already at the top of the best-seller lists and which the reviewers, with something approximating unanimity, had called even better than "Bonjour Tristesse," the widely toasted novel the young woman had written when she was all of eighteen. The round of parties, interviews, and personal appearances staged for Mlle. Françoise Sagan during the four weeks she remained in America obliged literary chroniclers to go back a dozen years to the debut of Kathleen ("Forever Amber") Winsor to find a counterpart. But Mlle. Sagan's work had a difference; even on the basis of two short samples the critics were ready to acknowledge that her style and insight into young hearts gave her a claim to serious literary attention. She has been compared to every female writer of consequence, not excluding Jane Austen, and her work will be watched avidly as she matures and undertakes longer and more complex books.

Mary Renault—"British reputation."

Mlle. Sagan was by no means the year's youngest writer. Ever since the success of "Bonjour Tristesse" publishers had been on the prowl for the work of very young ladies, and by 1956 they had found some. Christine Arnothy's "I Am Fifteen and I Don't Want to Die" was based on the diaries of a fifteen-year-old Hungarian girl caught between German and Russian fire during World War II, but it was rewritten long enough after the event to be disqualified as juvenilia. A collection of highly imaginative tales by fourteen-year-old Ann Bodart came out as "The Blue Dog" in a translation from the French by Gertrude Stein's old friend Alice B. Toklas. Lucy Daniels, twenty-two-year-old daughter of Jonathan Daniels, published "Caleb, My Son," a short, sympathetic story of the segregation problem as seen through the eyes of conservative Southern Negroes. And eighteen-year-old Pamela Moore wrote quite, quite frankly of sex among the teen-agers in "Chocolates for Breakfast." It was doubtless Miss Moore and Mlle. Sagan that a young man on *The New York Times* had in mind when he remarked that young girls nowadays are writing the kind of books they wouldn't have been allowed to read a generation or so ago.

Among writers of the opposite gender there was only one example of literary precocity during 1956. Twenty-four-year-old Colin Wilson spent many a long day in the British Museum reading voraciously in modern and ancient literature to find support for his conviction that the contemporary intellectual is a man who does not belong to the spirit of his times. "The Outsider: An Inquiry Into the Nature and Sickness of Mankind in the Mid-Twentieth Century," a not completely assimilated assemblage of his notes, excited the admiration of such British critics as Cyril Connolly, Edith Sitwell, and John Connell and became one of the literary events of the year in Britain. The book stirred no comparable to-do on these shores, perhaps because the notion of being outsiders is hardly novel to American intellectuals. Put down young Mr. Wilson as more curious than his thesis.

NINETEEN FIFTY-SIX was the year of youth, but it was also the year of the aged—and the ages. In his eighty-second year Winston S. Churchill had three books published. One was "Savrola," a novel first published in Britain when he was a precocious twenty-three, but never before issued in this country. Most readers quickly recognized this story of ideas and politics as an astonishingly accurate forecast of its own author's career. Sir Winston's other works were fresh from his lips and pen—the first half of a projected four-volume "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" that he had begun a quarter of a century earlier but on which his labors had been interrupted by certain public duties.

The first two volumes, "The Birth of Britain" and "The New World," carry the story from remote times down to the Revolution of 1688, a "personal view" that concentrates on the polit-

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Lucy Daniels—"sympathetic conservatives."

ical and constitutional. Both volumes have been adorning the living-room tables of thousands of American homes this year; how many copies have actually been read is another matter.

Another Briton who remains the envy of men half a century his junior is Bertrand Russell. This year the octogenarian philosopher offered "Portraits from Memory," a collection of essays on many topics that is most notable for its acidulous pictures of Shaw, Santayana, D. H. Lawrence, Joseph Conrad—and himself.

Still another octogenarian, George Santayana, has been dead four years now, but his memory is still green, made all the more vivid during 1956 by the publication of four books by and about him, of which the "Letters" and "Essays in Literary Criticism" are perhaps the most important.

H. L. Mencken was four years short of eighty when he died in January. Two publishers lost no time in memorializing him with selections of his pieces, "Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks" and "A Carnival of Buncombe." A third brought out a warts-and-all memoir, "H. L. Mencken: Portrait from Memory," by his long-time editorial assistant Charles Angoff, that grieved many Mencken devotees. Whether Mencken will remain a figure of his age or become a figure for the ages remains to be seen.

A plausible argument might be made that the 1956 literary season, like the year's theatrical season, owed more than it should to the writers of the past. The collection of rather commonplace travel articles George N. Kates brought together in "Willa Cather in Europe" adds little to our knowledge of the development of the author as an artist, but the 700 letters Elizabeth Nowell has assembled in "The Letters of Thomas Wolfe" form a searing revelation of a great writer who died too young. Perhaps the finest piece of literature of the year, which was published in book form nine months before it became perhaps the finest drama of the Broadway season, was Eugene O'Neill's largely autobiographical "Long Day's Journey Into Night."

Nineteen fifty-six had also the distinction of being the anniversary of the birth of a galaxy of giants, and these were duly commemorated by the book world with new biographies, new collections, new appraisals. There was an astonishing number of centennials. In May it was Sigmund Freud, celebrated by Richard L. Schoenwald's disappointing "Freud: The Man and His Mind"; in July it was G. B. Shaw, memorialized in two monumental biographies, St. John Ervine's "Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work, and Friends" and Archibald Henderson's "George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century"; in September it was the American architect Louis H. Sullivan, whose work was exhibited in John Szarkowski's album "The Idea of Louis Sullivan"; in October it was Louis D. Brandeis, with a new edition of A. T. Mason's "Brandeis: A Free Man's Life" and Samuel J. Konefsky's "The Legacy of Holmes and Brandeis"; and in December it was Woodrow Wilson with new appraisals by John Garraty and John Morton Blum among others. Benjamin Franklin was 250 years old in 1956 and there were four books about him; Picasso was seventy-five and there were two about him, another coming.

QUANTITATIVELY the most extraordinary literary phenomenon of 1956 was the American Civil War. Spirited during the past two decades, this interest reached new and unprecedented heights. Some thirty books—biographies, novels, monographs, and special studies—dealing with the crucial quadrennium were issued during the twelve months. MacKinlay Kantor's novel "Andersonville," published late in 1955, continued to hold a place on the best-seller lists throughout the year, to be joined in the autumn by Bruce Catton's admirable account of the Union side of the fighting, "This Hallowed Ground." Ranking with Catton's numerous studies and Freeman's classic accounts of Lee and his lieutenants is the monumental military study of Kenneth P. Williams, "Lincoln Finds a General," the fourth volume of which—"Iuka to Vicksburg"—came out in October. Why this national absorption in a war fought nearly 100 years ago? The late Benjamin P. Thomas, himself a distinguished Civil War scholar, hazarded the guess that it was because it "was our supreme national experience. It tested our traditions. It forged our national character." Whether Mr. Thomas put his finger on the point or not, it is clear that the American male, who is inclined secretly to regard the novel as a form of interfeminine communication, enjoys devoting long evenings to these literary re-creations of the war's drama, tragedy, gallantry, and cowardice. Moreover, that interest is likely to increase with the approach of 1961, when every day will be the centennial of some engagement.

Other periods of America's past were not neglected in 1956. The University of Chicago Press inaugurated a promising new series of brief histories with Edmund S. Morgan's "The Birth of the American Republic." There were color and action in two additions to Doubleday's fine Mainstream of America series, C. S. Forester's "Age of Fighting Sail" and Irving Stone's "Men to Match My Mountains." (It was a vintage year for the series, for Catton's "This Hallowed Ground" belongs to it also.) Samuel Flagg Bemis's "John Quincy Adams and the Union" was the kind of solid work of historical scholarship that wins Pulitzer Prizes. A fascinatingly feminine look at the family of Julia Ward Howe was offered by Louise Hall Tharp in "Three Saints and a Sinner." Salmon P. Chase and his daughter Kate were examined by T. G. and M. R. Belden in "So Fell the Angels." A great lawyer-statesman was sketched cameo-like by Dexter Perkins in "Charles Evans Hughes and American Democratic Statesmanship." Franklin D. Roosevelt was the subject of an exceptionally able biography by James McGregor Burns in "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox,"

—*Emile Bocian.*

Fred Allen—"wise and witty."

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and there was a new addition to the monumental biography Frank Friedel is writing. Eric F. Goldman reviewed the years since World War II in "The Crucial Decade." Perhaps the most widely read book of this category was John F. Kennedy's "Profiles in Courage," a collection of competently done sketches of statesmen of integrity; but one cannot help wondering if it would have been as popular if it had borne the name of a professor from a fresh-water college on the title page rather than that of the attractive young Senator from Massachusetts.

A year ago it would have seemed safe to predict that one of the exciting features of 1956 would be the Presidential election and that many of the memorable books of the year would deal with politics. The campaign turned out to be an uncommonly placid one and few of the long-planned books excited more than routine interest. Samuel Lubell elaborated his theories about long-term trends in voting in "The Revolt of the Moderates"; Richard H. Rovere exhibited anew his flair for discerning political journalism in "The Eisenhower Years"; and Arthur Larson codified "the new Republicanism" in "A Republican Looks at His Party," thereby winning a place for himself in the high councils of the Administration. Robert J. Donovan caused the most talk and got the largest sales with his disclosure in "Eisenhower: The Inside Story" of a number of White House secrets. Many of these were startling, but the revelation was done with Administration approval. In 1952 the pen of Adlai Stevenson and his partisans produced the most notable volumes and even some best-sellers; this year, except for the second volume of Harry Truman's memoirs, the Democrats provided no excitement.

BY ALL odds the best political book of the year was not fact but fiction, a novel more than suggested by the career of James Michael Curley, many-time mayor of Boston. Edwin O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah" looks like the answer to a Pulitzer Prize committee's prayer. It breaks no new trails for the novel as a literary form but it presents, with understanding and with authentic detail, two heretofore inadequately explored sectors of American life—big city politics and the Irish of New England.

The thorniest domestic problem of the year, racial segregation, was accorded scant attention by the bookmakers. Besides Lucy Daniels's novel, there was little except Robert Penn

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Year's Best

AS IS ITS ANNUAL custom, *SR* has asked a number of men and women who follow developments in literature to name the books they consider the year's best in fiction, poetry, and the general fields. The fifty-two men and women who responded to this invitation are listed on the opposite page. The books they nominated are listed alphabetically below.

The purpose of this poll is to call attention to outstanding works rather than to pick any one or two as the "best" in their field. However, for those who insist on finding significance in numbers here are a few statistics:

In the fiction field "The Last Hurrah," by Edwin O'Connor, was named seventeen times, while "A Single Pebble," by John Hersey, was nominated five times and "The Fountain Overflows," by Rebecca West, four times.

In poetry five works received approximately the same number of nominations. Marianne Moore's "Like a Bulwark" led with five, while Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Collected Poems," John Berryman's "Homage to Mistress Bradford," Richard Wilbur's "Things of This World," and Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "The Unicorn and Other Poems" had three each.

In the general field the first two volumes of Winston S. Churchill's "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" was named seven times. Bruce Catton's "This Hallowed Ground" five times, and P. M. Kendall's "Richard III" thrice.

GENERAL

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE UNION. By Samuel F. Bemis *(Knopf) Tinkle.*

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA. By Edwin Way Teale. *(Dodd, Mead) Carson, Herzberg.*

ATOMIC QUEST. By Arthur Holly Compton. *(Oxford) McAdory, Snajdr.*

THE BIG THAW. By C. L. Sulzberger. *(Harper) Douglas.*

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. *(McGraw-Hill) Perkin.*

EISENHOWER: THE INSIDE STORY. By Robert J. Donovan. *(Harper) Steele.*

ESSAYS IN LITERARY CRITICISM. By George Santayana. Edited by Irving Singer. *(Scribner) Colum.*

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME. By James Thurber. *(Simon & Schuster) Barkham, Wyllie.*

GALLIPOLI. By Alan Moorehead. *(Harper) Beatty.*

GOOD BEHAVIOR. By Harold Nicholson. *(Doubleday) Yeiser.*

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. Winston S. Churchill. Vols. 1 & 2. *(Dodd, Mead) Cross, Flowers, Hogan, McManis, Nordell, T. Sherman, Troy.*

LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE. Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. *(Scribner) Cowley.*

THE NUN'S STORY. By Kathryn Hulme. *(Little-Atlantic) Little.*

OPERA AS DRAMA. By Joseph Kerman. *(Knopf) Barzun.*

THE OUTSIDER. By Colin Wilson. *(Houghton Mifflin) Nichols, North.*

THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION. By Kenneth Stampp. *(Knopf) Hicks.*

A PIECE OF MY MIND. By Edmund Wilson. *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) Kogan.*

PROFILES IN COURAGE. By John F. Kennedy. *(Harper) Babcock.*

RICHARD III. By Paul Murray Kendall. *(Norton) Hass, Hutchens, O'Neill.*

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX. By James MacGregor Burns. *(Harcourt, Brace) Perkins.*

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR. By George F. Kennan. *(Princeton University Press) Woodward.*

SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN CHINA. Vol. 2. By Joseph Needham. *(Cambridge University Press) Dolbier.*

THIS HALLOWED GROUND. By Bruce Catton. *(Doubleday) Bradley, Cady, McAlister, Molyneux, J. Sherman.*

THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER. By Louise Hall Tharp. *(Little, Brown) Bond.*

TRIAL BALANCE. By Alan Valentine. *(Pantheon) Smith.*

WINDWARD ROAD. By Archie Carr. *(Knopf) Bates.*

THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS. Edited by James R. Newman. *(Simon & Schuster) Laurence.*

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. *(Harper) Flowers, Hass, Kogan.*

CRITERION BOOK OF MODERN AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by W. H. Auden. *(Criterion) Hogan.*

DELTA RETURN. By Charles Bell. *(University of Indiana Press) Williams.*

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FIFTEEN MODERN AMERICAN POETS. Edited by George P. Elliott. *(Rinehart) Scott.*

FRIDAY'S CHILD. By Wilfred Watson. *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) Gregory, McAdory.*

HOMAGE TO MISTRESS BRADSTREET. By John Berryman. *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) Cross, Little, J. Sherman.*

HOWL. By Allen Ginsberg. *(City Lights) Nichols.*

HYPNOS WAKING. By René Char. *(Random House) Deutsch.*

LIKE A BULWARK. By Marianne Moore. *(Viking) Barkham, Herzberg, Hutchens, Nordell, Wilbur.*

ONE FOOT IN EDEN. By Edwin Muir. *(Grove) Dolbier, McAlister.*

100 POEMS FROM THE CHINESE. Edited by Kenneth Rexroth. *(New Directions) Perkin.*

POEMS OLD AND NEW. By John Hall Wheelock. *(Scribner) Smith.*

SECTION: ROCK-DRILL. By Ezra Pound. *(New Directions) Glicksburg.*

THINGS OF THIS WORLD. By Richard Wilbur. *(Harcourt, Brace) Bond, Bradley, Molyneux.*

THE UNICORN AND OTHER POEMS. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. *(Pantheon) Babcock, Cady, Wyllie.*

FICTION

AND WALK IN LOVE. By Henrietta Buckmaster. *(Random House) Nordell.*

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. By Angus Wilson. *(Viking) North.*

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER. By William Brinkley. *(Random House) McManis.*

THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS. By Rebecca West. *(Viking) Little, J. Sherman, T. Sherman, Smith.*

THE LAST HURRAH. By Edwin O'Connor. *(Little, Brown) Babcock, Baker, Barkham, Beatty, Bond, Bradley, Cady, Cross, Hass, Herzberg, Highet, Hutchens, Kogan, McAlister, Molyneux, O'Neill, Snajdr.*

THE LAST OF THE WINE. By Mary Renault. *(Pantheon) Dolbier.*

THE LOST STEPS. By Alejo Carpentier. *(Knopf) Yeiser.*

NUNI. By John Howard Griffin. *(Houghton Mifflin) Geismar.*

A SINGLE PEBBLE. By John Hersey. *(Knopf) Hogan, Nichols, Perkin, Tinkle, Wyllie.*

THESE THOUSAND HILLS. By A. B. Guthrie. *(Houghton Mifflin) Flowers.*

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. By Nicholas Monsarrat. *(Morrow-Sloane) McAdory, Troy.*

The Nominators

The Critics and Editors Who Picked the Books

The specialists who nominated books in fiction are:

Carlos Baker, professor of English at Princeton University
Maxwell Geismar, critic and author of "Rebels and Ancestors"
Gilbert Highet, professor of classics at Columbia University and conductor of the radio program "People, Places, and Books"

The thirty-two newspaper reviewers who participated in this year-end poll are:

Frederic Babcock, *Chicago Tribune*
John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate
Richmond Beatty, *Nashville Tennessean*
Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald Traveler*
Van Allen Bradley, *Chicago Daily News*
Ernest Cady, *Columbus Dispatch*
Leslie Cross, *Milwaukee Journal*
Maurice Dolbier, *New York Herald Tribune*
Paul Flowers, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
Victor P. Hass, *Omaha World Herald*
Max Herzberg, *Newark Evening and Sunday News*
William Hogan, *San Francisco Chronicle*
John K. Hutchens, *New York Herald Tribune*
Herman Kogan, *Chicago Sun Times*
Carl Victor Little, *Houston Press*
James R. McAdory, Jr., *Birmingham News*
Durwood McAlister, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
John McManis, *Detroit News*
Robert Molyneux, *Pittsburgh Press*
Luther Nichols, *San Francisco Examiner*
Rod Nordell, *Christian Science Monitor*
Sterling North, North Weekly Book Review Service
Frank O'Neill, *Cleveland News*
Robert L. Perkin, *Rocky Mountain News*
John K. Sherman, *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*
Thomas B. Sherman, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
Paul Jordan Smith, *Los Angeles Times*
Robert I. Snajdr, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
Lon Tinkle, *Dallas News*
George Troy, *Providence Journal-Bulletin*
John Cook Wyllie, *Richmond News Leader*
Frederick Yeiser, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

The specialists who nominated books in the general fields are:

Marston Bates, visiting professor of zoology, University of Puerto Rico
Jacques Barzun, author of "Energies of Art"
Rachel Carson, author of "The Edge of the Sea"
Mary Colum, critic and author of "From These Roots"
Malcolm Cowley, literary critic
William O. Douglas, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court
John D. Hicks, Morison professor of history at the University of California
William L. Laurence, science editor, *The New York Times*
Dexter Perkins, professor of history at Cornell University, author of "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy"
Jack Steele, Washington correspondent, Scripps-Howard newspapers
C. Vann Woodward, professor of history at Johns Hopkins University, author of "The Strange Case of Jim Crow"

The specialists who nominated books of verse are:

Babette Deutsch, teacher at Columbia University and translator of several volumes of poetry
Charles I. Glicksburg, poet and critic
Horace Gregory, lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College and poet
W. T. Scott, former book-review editor of *The Providence Journal* and author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems"
Richard Wilbur, teacher at Wellesley College and author of "Things of This World"
William Carlos Williams, author and winner of the National Book Award for poetry, 1949

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Prime Crimes of '56

By SERGEANT CUFF

THERE is, inevitably, considerable duplication of detail among mystery stories; the wonder is that there is not more. At bottom, of course, mystery stories are *all* duplicates. Crook acts, cop reacts—there's the formula, and it restricts the manipulator much more rigidly than does the only slightly more ancient formula of girl steps out, boy steps after. By duplication, of course, we do not mean deliberate copying. Many mystery gimmicks jelled into mere trade conventions long ago. Take, for instance, the convention of the cop (almost invariably, in this situation, a private eye) who is summoned by telephone to the residence (hotel room, office) of his client and finds the latter stretched out on the floor (bed, desk) shot dead (strangled, knife in back). It would save time and white paper if the author could simply employ a symbol here—Gimmick Number Seven, for example—to indicate that at this point the investigator is called to the residence of his client by telephone and finds, etc., etc. Every reader (and writer) of mysteries can add a hundred items to the list.

Not uncommon, too, are duplications in which the basic structural situation is identical and the details widely different. Two mysteries have appeared in recent months, one by an English writer, one by an American, in which the premise in each instance was this: Detective goes on warm-water vacation cruise, accompanied by wife; violent death ensues; vacation ends as detective leaps to action. This formula aside, the stories were as different as they could well be; both were published so closely together in point of time that by no stretch of the imagination could either author have been looking over the other author's shoulder during the process of composition.

It is this inevitability of duplication that makes the mystery writer seize with his own particular avidity on any piece of business, any situation, any novelty that real life is willing to toss his way. Two conspicuous examples of this eagerness to grasp at flung crumbs are apparent in mysteries of the past two years.

Crumb Number One is the tape-recorder. The tape-recorder was certainly not unknown before 1955, nor is it at all likely that it had not been employed in English prose fiction in advance of that date. But 1955 and 1956 were the years that saw it transferred in quantity from the status of crux of the courtroom and plaything of the living-room into the imaginative world of the mystery writer. Some of the fictional handlings of the tape-recorder have been highly effective. Its dramatic potentialities are, after all, pretty obvious and have just begun to be used.

Art has borrowed from life, also, in the composition of several mysteries which have been inspired by the Burgess-McLean affair. These borrowings have been commoner in England than in America, for the transparent reason that the actual case was England's baby. The fictional Burgesses and McLeans are, of course, always caught or killed or reconverted—they are never swallowed up in That Country.

A YEAR ago we noted that one of the more encouraging phenomena of 1955's mystery picture was "the submergence of the toughie yarn." This conclusion was almost certainly inspired by thoughtless wishing. One mystery writer took us good-naturedly to task for this rather offhand generalization—said he wasn't able to sell anything else, much as he wanted to forego pistol-whipping, toe-stamping, shin-kicking, and groin-kneeing in favor of sweetness, light, and nice clean corpses. Well, let us generalize again and say that 1956 saw a resurgence of the toughie, but with a difference. Going over our CRIMINAL RECORDS we note that we have assigned the Verdict "literate toughie" far more frequently than in any previous year.

We subjoin, according to custom, a list of mystery, detective, suspense, what-you-will novels that we read and liked during the year. It is in no sense a "best" list; in this particular cultural field one reader's thrill is another reader's ennui. The arrangement is roughly chronological. We should like to make special mention of "The Mystery Writer's Handbook," edited by Herbert Brean, with contributions by forty-plus members of the Mystery Writers of America (Harper, $3.95), a manual which the mystery reader too will be able to read with enjoyment and profit.

Fiction

"The Ninth Hour," by Ben Benson (Mill-Morrow, $3).

"Kiss Her Goodbye," by Wade Miller (Lion, 35¢).

"The Cautious Overshoes," by Margaret Scherf (Crime Club, $2.75).

"The End of the Track," by Andrew Garve (Harper, $2.75).

"Mystery Stories," by Stanley Ellin (Simon and Schuster, $2.75).

"Unappointed Rounds," by Doris Miles Disney (Crime Club, $2.75).

"What Crime Is It?," by Dorothy Gardiner (Crime Club, $2.75).

"The Big Bite," by Charles Williams (Dell, 25¢).

"Gideon's Week," by J. J. Marric (Harper, $2.95).

MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. BOOKMAN: This week the gentlemen of Publishers Row had ample cause to make merry. Since last Christmas, according to *Publishers' Weekly,* they had produced a grand total of 13,000 titles, a few more than in 1955, while their sales ($750,000,000) were up almost 10 per cent from 1955's all-time high. Children's books had done especially well, though there was some question as to whether quality had kept up with quantity among these. Civil War books were also booming. And the publishers noted some even newer trends that boded well for the new year. The number of published novels, which had slumped to 1,923 during the first eleven months of 1955, had risen to 2,049 for the first eleven months of 1956. In addition there had been a noticeable rise in the number of high-priced paperback books. With the entrance of such houses as Van Nostrand, Harcourt, Brace, and several university presses into this field profits for many houses were rolling in from new sources. (Prices on paperbacks went as high as $1.95 in many instances, a price as high as that commanded by hard-cover books in the not-too-distant past.) The more sober (albeit still merry) gentlemen of Publishers Row were also pleased by a development that may prove of even greater long-term benefit. This autumn three committees of the publishers' jointly sponsored American Book Publishing Council tackled the problems of modernizing some old-fashioned methods of book distribution, book marketing, and book promotion. Christmas in 1957 could be even merrier.

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"Fall Over Cliff," by Josephine Bell (Macmillan, $2.75).
"State of Siege," by Eric Ambler (Knopf, $3.50).
"Catch a Killer," by Robert Martin (Dodd, Mead, $2.95).
"Angel's Ransom," by David Dodge (Random House, $3.50).
"Murder in the Wind," by John D. MacDonald (Dell, 25¢).
"Kiss the Boss Goodbye," by Peter Rabe (Gold Medal, 25¢).
"The Man Who Didn't Fly," by Margot Bennett (Harper, $3).
"Portrait of Renée," by Harry Davis (Greenberg, $3).
"Rebecca's Pride," by Donald McNutt Douglas (Harper, $2.95).
"Voyage Into Violence," by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott, $2.50).
"Might as Well Be Dead," by Rex Stout (Viking, $2.75).
"The Enormous Shadow," by Robert Harling (Harper, $3.50).
"Tender Is the Knife," by Joan Shepherd (Washburn, $3).
"One-Way Ticket," by Bert and Dolores Hitchens (Crime Club, $2.95).

Fact

"Alphonse Bertillon," by Henry T. F. Rhodes (Abelard-Schuman, $3.75).
"Policeman's Lot," by Harry Söderman (Funk & Wagnalls, $5).
"The Genteel Murderer," by Charles Norman (Macmillan, $3.75).
"The Rise of Scotland Yard," by Douglas G. Browne (Putnam, $5).
"Portrait of a Bad Man," by Tom Tullett (Rinehart, $3.50).

Verse to Remember

By JOHN CIARDI

AS ONE sits at the year's end and thinks back over the books published that year, it is often difficult to be sure that all the books that come to mind were indeed published within the calendar year. I find myself writing in Rome, where I have not been able to locate an index. Let me trust memory then: a poor way to audit fiscal accounts perhaps, but probably a sounder way to locate an impression of the year's publishing.

Certainly one need pay little attention to the low points of poetry publication. The low points of any one year are always the same, and as bad, as the low points of any other. If there must be special honors for the worst 1956 book by a known-name poet let them be granted to Anne Morrow Lindbergh for "The Unicorn and Other Poems."

Had I to choose the three best books of the year I would certainly list in the order of their publication: Richard Wilbur's "Things of This World," John Berryman's "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet," and Marianne Moore's "Like a Bulwark." Miss Moore's book reached me only days ago, and I can report only that at first reading my high expectation was neither overwhelmed nor in any way disappointed. Mr. Wilbur's and Mr. Berryman's books add exciting new dimensions to already substantial talents.

For those who live on the eroded side of Parnassus, Edna Millay's "Collected Poems" have appeared, and many a bird is now in the air, including a few real warblers among a number of shot and falling ducks. Among other already established names Roy Campbell's "Talking Bronco," which might better have been titled "Talking Bunco," turns in the usual Campbell performance consisting mostly of sledge hammers beating a half-strung piano; and Peter Viereck's "The Persimmon Tree" manages to turn up a line here and there among badly mangled stuff.

The recent flow of excellent translations continued in 1956, with Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's "Misanthrope" and William Jay Smith's "Selected Writings of Jules LaForgue" standing out as the two most memorable of the year.

Among other books just received is W. S. Merwin's "Green with Beasts," certainly the one I am most looking forward to in the current stack. Certainly, too, one must pause to acknowledge the latest in John Hall Wheelock's Poets of Today series, a presentation of three first books by three separate authors within a single binding. Wheelock has not missed a year so far (the current volume is Number 3) without turning up at least one of the most interesting new talents of the year.

In general 1956 has confirmed the tendency of the younger poets to work in stricter forms and to have less to say, as it has confirmed the tendency of the older poets to have rather less to say. It may be that the enormous dimensions of the human difficulty can only offer subjects so large as to overwhelm the poem. I still find myself inclinded to think that our poets, despite their enormous technical sophistication, have not yet found a form equal to what they must learn to say if our poetry is to express what all poetry must finally express, which is the center of human value in its time. The mistake I feel most of the poets are making is in turning either to conventional forms or, in reaction, to various kinds of formlessness, without enough attention to the possibilities of strict unit and structure in non-conventional forms

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—Jack Keats.

Behind the Book

REPRIEVE

The Personal Testament of John Resko

By CARL CARMER

IN APRIL 1948 *The Saturday Review* joined me in a campaign to bring back to society an inmate of a state prison who, during nineteen years of incarceration, had become an artist of considerable merit and—if his letters were an indication of his abilities—a writer of promise. *SR* published a number of this man's drawings of prison life as illustrations for an article of mine which I called ". . . the Rest of His Natural Life." In this I was instructed by prison authorities that I could not name the man, give his number, or indicate in what state he was serving his sentence.

At the age of nineteen this artist-to-be had come under the influence of an older man, a charming but dangerous professional criminal who persuaded him to hold the gun in a holdup of a small grocery. The owner of the shop resisted and was fatally shot. Both criminals were at once apprehended and the prosecuting attorney urged them to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, a charge carrying a sentence which, with good behavior, might end in about twelve years. Since the older man refused (believing he might get a lighter sentence because he did not fire the shot) the two men were tried together, found guilty, and sentenced to death in the electric chair. The jury then submitted a petition to the governor of the state that mercy be shown to the nineteen-year-old youth since the evidence showed how completely he was controlled by his companion. The boy's sentence was within the hour set for his execution commuted to imprisonment "for the rest of his natural life" (which means exactly what it says) and the older man was executed.

About ten years later at Clinton Prison in Dannemora, N. Y., I met the inmate-instructor in art at that institution's school. I made subsequent annual visits in the company of my friend, the late Sam A. Lewisohn, whose duties as a member of the New York State Prison Commission included inspection of prisons, and I came to the conclusion that inmate 22818 had been completely rehabilitated and should be returned to a society in which, I said I believed, he "could become a valued citizen and artist enriching our lives by distinctive work." In conclusion I asked readers of *SR* who were in agreement with my opinion to write to the editors expressing their concurrence with it and thus give further weight to a petition for executive clemency which I had sent to the governor of the state.

Hundreds of letters of approval were received in the next few weeks. They came from penologists, psychiatrists, doctors, lawyers, artists, writers, comedians (Groucho Marx was the first to write) and others. *SR* published a selection of these and I later sent the whole batch to the capital of the state. *SR* later published other drawings by this artist-in-prison and other journals began buying them through me. The money thus obtained was, through the cooperation of the prison warden, added to the prisoner's commissary account.

On December 23, 1950, Thomas E. Dewey, governor of the State of New York, granted the petition, and nineteen years after his crime, having spent exactly half of his life in prison, the artist traded the number 22818 for his own name and stepped into relative freedom as John Resko.

It is now a happy task for me to write of my gratitude to *SR* and its editors for aid in a venture that has proved gratifyingly successful.

In the last six years Mr. Resko has illustrated a number of books, painted and sold several landscapes, acquired a considerable knowledge of primitive African art and of Japanese prints (and collections in each field), become so authoritative on antiques that his services as assistant are eagerly sought by dealers who exhibit in the big antiques fairs of the East. He is now married to an attractive and cultured girl, former violinist in several symphony orchestras, and he and his wife entertain their friends in a tasteful apartment in the Bronx not far from his boyhood home.

PERHAPS the most satisfactory fulfilment of the prophecies which John Resko's friends have made for him, however, took place on this December 6, just seventeen days before the anniversary of his release. On that day Doubleday published his first book—an autobiographical account of his prison experiences entitled "Reprieve: The Testament of John Resko"—and the A.C.A. Gallery opened his first "one-man show" with an exhibit of his prison drawings.

This would be cause for unrestrained rejoicing were it not for the fact that all who know the Resko story are as aware as he is that his good fortune is attributable to a chance meeting and that behind prison walls, because many officials still believe that no convict may be truly rehabilitated, uncounted John Reskos still live without the hope that they may win their way to a deserved freedom.

". . . uncounted John Reskos still live without the hope they may win their way . . ."

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Message From the Death House

By FRANK O'LEARY, *who has spent twenty-four of his fifty-two years in prison. A review of John Resko's "Reprieve".*

THROUGH the years I have read some five or six hundred books written by prisoners or former prisoners. Three of them were so outstanding that they lured me into a second spellbound reading: Julian Hawthorne's (Nathaniel Hawthorne's son) "Subterranean Brotherhood," Victor T. Nelson's "Prison Days and Nights," and John Resko's just published "Reprieve" (Doubleday, $3.75).

Resko had the artistic wisdom to wait seven years following his release from prison by commutation of sentence before releasing his work. The perspective thus acquired is apparent from the first page. This is unusual in this topsy-turvy era when almost any run-of-the-cell-block prisoner who can spell *cat* without a "k" and can get paroled dashes to the nearest publisher with his memoirs in his hot hands. But out of this slush-pile of offbeat literature are culled the occasional books of power and a certain grim beauty, such as Resko's, that throw a billion-candle-power beacon-light into the darkest corners of the penal dusk.

John was a Hungarian kid whose Lower East Side family was eminently respectable and equally poor. He was sucked into a stickup venture of petty dimensions by a veteran hoodlum. The victim, a grocer, resisted and was shot dead in the melee. Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt allowed the seasoned criminal to go to his death and commuted Resko's sentence to life. Eighteen years later Governor Thomas E. Dewey decided that John's work as instructor in the Dannemora Art Class and the quality of his paintings and drawings headed a list of sound reasons for paroling him.

—*Illustrations by John Resko.*

. . . to a deserved freedom."

The Sing Sing Prison section is a bit thin because of the brief period Resko spent there, but his portrayal of life in Dannemora and the incredibly cruel practices so difficult to check in this isolated penal pit is enlightening. But it is in his detailed picture of the Death House that the author writes at his graphic best. Against that grim setting he has made scores of headline miscreants come alive again. What does the doomed man think about? Does he try to destroy himself? Does he fight his keepers in a last desperate effort to escape the extreme penalty? Is he drugged to make his ordeal more humane? These and dozens of questions which naturally occur to people unfamiliar with prisons and death houses are answered with complete honesty by Resko. Not only did he escape the chair narrowly on several occasions, but on one harrowing night he came within 1,200 seconds of riding the man-made thunderbolt into eternity before Governor Roosevelt saved him, slit trouser leg, shaved pate and leg, and all.

The fascinating folklore of the Death House as reported by John Resko ranks among the most intriguing stuff in prison literature. So, too, is his chapter summing up the case of "Two Gun" Crowley, who had just gone to his death following the last-minute appearance of the callous mother who had abandoned him in infancy. She had shown no interest in his whereabouts until he was about to die, insolvent in life but worth a considerable union insurance sum in death. This is what Mother Crowley wanted of her doomed son: his signature turning over the money to her. On this bitter note Crowley embraced death almost eagerly after the closest kind of association with Resko. The author saw Crowley as a kind of symbol, the symbol of something evil that society has created and cannot destroy in the non-canceling evil which is the electric chair. "I think," writes Resko, "I have figured out the cataclysmic 'why' that has brought me to the Death House." Obviously he has.

In his work John Resko is deeply reflective and always gently aglow. I was reminded as I read and reread his book of Croswell Bowen's observation in his *New Yorker* interview with Resko several years ago: "His face has two characteristic expressions—an almost blank Buddha-like one and a smiling one that is serene and friendly."

THE CRIMINAL LIFE: As speeches in the recent campaign told us, the path of the small businessman is becoming more and more difficult. Readers of **"The Business of Crime,"** by Robert Rice (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75), may or may not be touched to discover that it is also becoming harder in the world of crime. Mr. Rice has picked five would-be rugged individualists who have tried to go it alone in skirting the law. Sam Sapphire became an expert arsonist in Brooklyn; Elias Eliopoulos shipped narcotics around the world from Greece; an American named Jake joined with some ex-members of the French Resistance to forge travelers checks; Gregario Simonovich smuggled aliens from Cuba; and Sal Salazzo fixed basketball games at Madison Square Garden in New York. Each in his chosen field thought he had the skill to do-it-alone, and each for a time was correct. But after the law got around to them the five turned out to be men who had deluded themselves; they were fighting something far too big. With newspapers and magazines focusing on the sensational in crime it is a pleasant change of pace to read about the little fellows. But the trouble is that, as little fellows, they aren't too interesting. Instead of being dashing crooks they are inclined to be plodders, and as they plod the murky byways their illegal affairs become extremely complicated. Mr. Rice has a partiality for long sentences which fails to help this, but if nothing else "The Business of Crime" gives a good idea of what a life of crime is actually like. There isn't a gun moll, a mercenary showgirl, or a jeans-clad girl delinquent in it. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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The Violent Land

"The Militant South," by John Hope Franklin *(Harvard University Press. 317 pp. $5), expounds the thesis that bellicosity is the predominating tradition south of Mason and Dixon's line. Professor T. Harry Williams of Louisiana State University reviews it.*

By T. Harry Williams

IN THIS year of 1956 it is perhaps unnecessary to demonstrate that a thread of violence has run through Southern history or that Southerners are capable of reacting to social and cultural demands—at least to certain demands—in aggressive and explosive fashion. The readiness of Southern people to resort to force in personal and political life, the martial tradition of the section, the fervor with which the South has supported American entrance into the two great wars of our century seem to be among the qualities that make this region different from other areas of the United States. The enduring presence of these characteristics in Southerners and the reasons for their existence have long intrigued the attention of historians and sociologists, of poets and journalists, and, indeed, of all students of the section's past and of its present social patterns. In "John Brown's Body" Stephen Vincent Benét expressed the atmosphere of suppressed force in a Southern courtroom:

> I have seen the long room packed
> with quiet men,
> Fit to turn mob, if need were, in a
> flash—
> Cocked-pistol men, so lazily
> attentive
> Their easy languor knocked
> against your ribs. . . .

It is this strain of violence as it appeared in Southern life between 1800 and 1861 that forms the principal theme of Professor John Hope Franklin's book "The Militant South." Drawing his material from a wide variety of published and unpublished sources, Dr. Franklin describes in interesting fashion the various manifestations of aggression and force, of militancy and the military spirit that emerged in Southern society and fastened their influence upon it, until finally, he believes, bellicosity for its own sake became a distinguishing characteristic of Southern culture and of Southern people.

To prove his point he discusses, among other topics, the survival of dueling in the South after it had virtually disappeared in other sections, the creation of military schools, the growth of militia organizations, the devotion to military titles and exercises, the formation of slave patrols to control the black population, and the enthusiastic support given by Southerners to filibustering expeditions in Cuba and Nicaragua. The immediate objection of scholars to the author's thesis will be that many of the activities he stresses were not confined to the South but were present in other areas. There was as much brawling and murdering in the tough wards of New York City or in the mining and cow towns of the West as ever occurred below Mason and Dixon's line. And certainly the Southern respect for martial ideals and the Southern delight in military pageantry had their counterparts in many parts of the North.

PROFESSOR FRANKLIN is willing to concede the force of such criticisms, while still clinging to his proposition. What he is really trying to demonstrate, in this reviewer's opinion, is not just that there was more violence or militancy in the South than in the North, or in the more stable and older areas of the latter section, but that violence in the South took a particular and peculiar form because it was rooted in a culture that did not exist anywhere in America outside the South. In other words, while he is concerned with the amount of violence in the region below the Potomac, he is more concerned with its nature and with the sectional forces that nurtured it. This emphasis is apparent in his analysis of the factors that were responsible for Southern militancy. Among these he lists the presence of an Indian menace for a long period in Southern history and the existence of frontier conditions—or the heritage of the frontier—in the newer states of the South: Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, the part of the antebellum South that was called "the Southwest." Both of these forces appeared, of course, in other sections, and the Southern response to them was not unique.

When Professor Franklin moves to situations that were exclusively Southern he is on more solid ground, and it is in the sections of the book dealing with the Southern background that he makes his most valuable contributions to the study of sectional violence. He points out that in the South the normal frontier process of evolution from simplicity to evolution got stalled in the middle; it stopped at the agricultural stage, leaving in its wake a society that was in many respects primitive and a social organization that was imperfectly developed. The conditions of Southern life encouraged an extreme feeling of personal responsibility and individual honor, creating in the Southerner a sense of "personal sovereignty":

> Ruler of his own destiny, defender of his own person and honor, keeper and breaker of the peace, he approached a personal imperiousness that few modern men have achieved [writes Dr. Franklin]. Whenever a Southerner fought another he was, in a very real sense, engaged in war. The honor and dignity at stake were no less important to the individual than they would be to an embattled nation.

And finally there was the omnipresent fact of Negro slavery, the existence in white society of a race of another color. Slavery, thinks the author, by its very nature engendered a militant spirit in all persons connected with it. It created a feeling of despotic command in those who owned slaves, and for all Southerners it sanctified the use of force to support the institution—against uprisings from within or attacks from without.

Regardless of whether all of Dr. Franklin's surmises are correct or whether his analysis of Southern society is sound on all points, he has written a valuable and stimulating study which is an important addition to the historical literature of the Old South. The reviewer agrees with the thesis that something in Southern society produced men with supreme martial confidence. After all, it was the deep conviction of every white Southerner that he could knock hell out of anybody that plunged the South into civil war against overwhelming odds and sustained it through four bitter years.

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The Brahmin Mind at Bay

"Ancestors and Immigrants," by Barbara Miller Solomon *(Harvard University Press. 276 pp. $4.75), is a study of the attitude of the Boston Brahmins toward the immigrant between 1860 and 1925. It is reviewed by Harvey Wish, author of "Society and Thought in America."*

By Harvey Wish

ONLY a year ago John Higham pictured, in his "Strangers in the Land," almost every facet of our anti-immigrant sentiment between 1860 and 1925. At the same time Barbara Solomon was completing "Ancestors and Immigrants," a segmentary study of New England's Brahmin upper class and its attitudes toward the immigrant in a book that is no less thoughtful and exhaustive. This tale of xenophobia might easily have remained a mere formal history of the rise of Boston's Immigration Restriction League and its final triumph in the Literacy Act of 1917 which in effect barred innumerable Italians, Russian Jews, and Slavs. Instead it is much more—a highly imaginative interpretation of the Brahmin mind at bay.

The author shows how the proper Bostonians (the merchant families, the professional people, and the intellectuals) gradually changed their minds about the traditional hospitality toward the immigrant and adopted a restrictionism that embodied Teutonic racialism, Anglo-Saxon imperialism, and outright class snobbery. To document this growing prejudice Miss Solomon relies heavily upon innumerable biographies of representative New Englanders of the Brahmin class. Only a handful of really significant figures during the 1890s escaped the racialist contagion completely—William James, Edward Everett Hale, Emily Balch, Charles W. Eliot, and some other believers in free immigration and human potentialities. Unfortunately, the reader is given only a hasty glimpse of the attitude of other classes in New England.

Henry Cabot Lodge, "the scholar in politics," spearheaded the long national battle for the Literacy Test, undeterred by repeated Presidential vetoes and the argument of Woodrow Wilson that literacy was a test of opportunity, not fitness. He reflected the growing tendency of the well-to-do sons of the Puritans to concentrate their fire on the "unassimilable" Italians, Russian Jews, and Slavs—although Lodge was so expert a politician that he knew how to keep the votes of his increasingly Italian constituency! Some of the Brahmins were not too far behind Henry Adams and his brothers in painting a frightening stereotype of the Russian Jew. Adams, whose own personal tragedy—his wife's suicide—may explain his fierce inner conflicts, rejected the unsettling new world of science, industry, and finance capitalism to make the "international Jew" its symbol and to flee to the medieval serenity of Mont Saint Michel and the cult of the Virgin.

A CHAPTER upon "Stereotypes of the Foreign-Born" traces very skilfully the shifts in nativist sentiment by picturing the changing ethnic images held by the Brahmins whenever they thought about the older and newer

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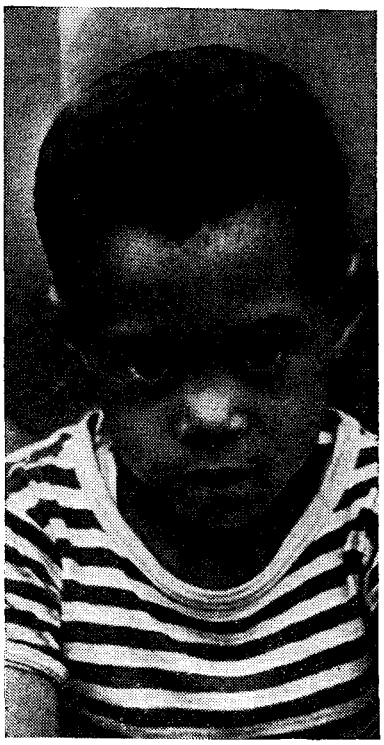
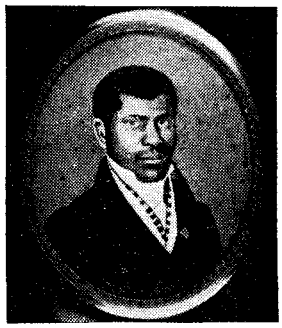
THE STORY OF ONE-TENTH of the American people is told in an intelligently conceived and ably executed text-and-picture album, **"A Pictorial History of the Negro in American History,"** edited by Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer (Crown, $5.95). Through more than 1,000 illustrations and an equal amount of space devoted to text, the story of the American Negro is told from his African past to the recent Supreme Court anti-segregation rulings. There is a nice combination of scholarly scrupulousness, objectivity, and attractive presentation. Among the figures discussed are Joseph Cinque (right column, upper picture) who led the famous *Amistead* mutiny, and Pierre Toussaint (right column, lower picture), who worked as a hairdresser in nineteenth-century New York to support his master's widow.

Negro children denied entrance to pre-Civil War school.



American Negro: 1956.

Joseph Cinque.



Pierre Toussaint.

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immigrants. In their press, books, pamphlets, and cartoons they saw the German and the Irishman with less distaste than of yore, for the incoming Italians and Jews had become ripe subjects for caricature. Beacon Hill forsook the humanistic tradition of Emerson for a crude class exclusiveness which fed upon ethnic segregation and the then popular errors of pseudo-racial science. It was quite logical for these comfortable New Englanders to believe that their cultural achievements were rooted in genes that must not be diluted by lesser breeds. In horse-car days two parallel but strictly separate lines had taken Brahmins and Irishmen to their places of employment; and the sons of the well-to-do colonial families attended the aristocratic private schools, after the upper-class British fashion, before going to Harvard. The snowball fights between Beacon Hillers and the lowly North Enders symbolized the social distance between them. Thomas Bailey Aldrich poeticized in "The Unguarded Gates" regarding the need for immediate restriction and he denounced imported foreign radicals. James H. Patten (and others echoed this) assailed "The beaten people of beaten races! Wretched refuse!"

In 1894 the Immigration Restriction League began its work as a pressure group for racial integration by issuing books, pamphlets, and articles, sponsoring lectures, and influencing Congressmen. Many of their bills were paid for by one of Boston's leading bankers, a member of a colonial family. Among the propagandists who cited the arguments of the eugenicists or feared that the nation would be lost forever to the Jukes and the Kallikaks were the most renowned sociologists, economists, social workers, and other academicians. The Brahmins no longer had to play the doleful part of Jeremiah to unappreciative audiences. Their road to victory in 1917 and again in the Quota Act of 1921 and the National Origins Act of 1924 was paved with respectability.

IN THIS sensitive and attractively written book on the social ideas of a significant class Miss Solomon has left a model for other writers on immigration restriction. The reviewer would complain only that the heavy biographic approach may befog some readers, that the layman is not properly introduced to the related xenophobic ideas of other classes and to the movement for a Literacy Test outside of New England, and that more attention could be given to economic determinants. But with this said the book remains clearly a solid contribution to intellectual and social history.

VERSE

—*Imogen Cunningham.*

Gertrude Stein—". . . simplification [without] emotional color."

The State of Change

"Stanzas in Meditation," by Gertrude Stein *(Yale University Press. 298 pp. $5), is a collection of heretofore unpublished poems which are in a way stylistic exercises that helped their author achieve the extreme simplification of language for which she is famous.*

By Wallace Fowlie

THE POETRY published in Gertrude Stein's volume "Stanzas in Meditation" was written between 1929 and 1933. It is now presented as the sixth volume in the Yale edition of her unpublished writings. Donald Sutherland, biographer of the writer and one of the editors of this edition, describes in his preface the moment in Miss Stein's career when these poems were composed. For several years before 1929 she had written extensively on painting. Then her preoccupation began to center on ideas of a political and philosophical nature. She was well aware of the weakness of poetry which is simply about ideas and of the need to make ideas coexistent with poetry, intrinsic to poetry. (In fact, she once said, in her familiar aphoristic style, that there are no ideas in masterpieces.)

"Stanzas in Meditation" is a long poem filling more than one-half of the present volume. It is a meditation on the ideas which rise up in the poet's mind during the process of writing, or on the ideas which involuntarily form in her mind when she considers the writing or the art of someone else. For the most part this meditation is infinitely difficult to follow. Miss Stein usually suppresses all connections between the idea which is being generated in her mind and the object associated with it and the moment in time when the association is made. In the course of his preface Mr. Sutherland proposes detailed "explications" of one or two passages which will serve as a helpful method to follow in reading this poetry.

Gertrude Stein's manner and style are fully expressed in "Stanzas in Meditation," and in the semi-narrative poem "Winning His Way," which was written a year before the "Stanzas." The poems are about her mind engaged in the process of writing the poems. They form a diagram of ideas evolving and moving. The preponderance of monosyllables, of what Sherwood Anderson called "street-corner words," forces the reader to concentrate on the essentials of speech and on the slow progress of the mind exploring itself. The aphorisms which turn up on almost every page seem to be extended to the reader as rewards for his having accepted the terms of this art and the rules of this game. The monosyllable of everyday speech—"wish," "please," "give," "did," "had"—is so repetitiously employed that a more unusual word when it appears ("acacia," "nightingale," "Picabia") stands out in sudden illumination.

"THE Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" was written the year after these poems were completed. They may be looked upon therefore as stylistic exercises which helped the writer to reach the extreme simplification in language for which she is famous. In these poems, as well as in the later prose, Gertrude Stein has

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eliminated words of any emotional color. In describing her own method she claims that she was always "possessed by the intellectual passion for exactitude in the description of inner and outer reality." Such an oracular statement finds its justification in "Stanzas in Meditation," where no analogous "poetic" terms are permitted as substitutes for the simple direct speech which Gertrude Stein considers her utterance of a poet.

She never relinquishes the strictest, most intimate relationship between her words and her thought. I would say that her poetry comes not from her words but from the intimacy of this contract. The experience of the reader is an awareness of this contract which grows until it becomes an obsession. The poems prepare and create, in a strangely powerful way, the reader who is destined to read them. He will find himself involved in a relationship far different from the habitual relationship of reader and poem. For this book is poetry about poetry. It is a poem about the essence of the poem.

The aphoristic style and the conciseness of the formulas express the energy of this writer's consciousness, which appears almost excessive. Her language is affirmed in slow tempo, with a marked degree of solemnity, as it seeks to acquire a certain weight of one-syllable words. It represents finally a summation of things felt, lived with, possessed. It is common language and yet it relates an experience of intimacy which is the least communicable of all experiences. A word used by Gertrude Stein does not designate a thing as much as it designates the way in which the thing is possessed, or the way in which the thing is destroyed, or the way whereby the poet has learned to live with it. The movements of the poem are continuously varied, and yet the same short staccato words keep recurring until the reader accepts the obsession of their nature and welcomes the state of change and development which they celebrate.

GOD AND NATURE: Once he clarifies his thinking H. A. Sieber may surprise us. In his new volume **"In This the Marian Year"** (Old Well Publishers, $1.75) he displays the vigor of a serious poet, with the innate compulsiveness of theme. Through discordancies and ellipses can be made out an attempt to identify the nature of God with that of nature itself. Elementary as such mistakes go, it is a cause of the confusion in the verse. In "On Obscurity" he acknowledges his difficulty with meaning; however, without realizing that it is the result of forcing simple natural objects to operate beyond their given limitations: "A lambent choir of fingers/stroked the air which bathed in prayer, transfused by muted singers."

In scope ambitious, it is ambitious almost to the point of indiscretion. He is not averse to setting a poem on the burial of F. D. Roosevelt opposite one on "Maxwell Bodenheim's Last Poem." Isolated images make bold attempts to relate subject to his pervasive theme. From the poem on Roosevelt: "The lawn cathedral of your peaceful sepulture/Beneath the Yahweh Tree at Hyde."

In his self-criticism resides the hope of eventual maturity. "Adam at the pool/ is quite a little fool/ to give his God a name/ for man-made God/ and God-made man/ are not the very same." —David Ignatow.

ELIOT FOR CHRISTMAS: "Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?" asked the T. S. Eliot of "Ash Wednesday." And he had some good answers to his question—then. But today, with the publication of **"The Cultivation of Christmas Trees"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $1.25), Mr. Eliot supplies us with little more than a dusty answer. All-out collectors of Eliot-ana and aficionados of greeting-card verse (tinseled) will, no doubt, nod their approval. Others will merely nod, failing to find, in these thirty-four warmed-over lines, much "delight in new possessions (Each one with its peculiar and exciting smell)." (Even at his weariest the Master is still quotable!) —Gerard Previn Meyer

POEMS OF A READING MAN: Five years ago Edwin Muir wound up a collected volume of his verse with nine "New Poems"; now these nine are gathered with almost forty more into a new book, **"One Foot in Eden"** (Grove Press; clothbound, $3.50; paperbound, $1). They are the poems of a bookish man, a reading and aging man. Many of them employ Greek and Biblical legends, some of them salute literary subjects, and the more lyrical pieces tend, autumnally, to look backward to memory and meaning or forward to death and meaning. As so much of Edwin Muir's workaday life has been as a translator (to the good fortune of all of us) so in his poetry he is often in a sense a translator: his poems on Adam or Abraham or Telemachos or Prometheus rise beyond footnoting to new versions of intelligent significance. They are not simple commentary but new forms for us. This is why his poetry, though it often bears names long dusty in verse, isn't in the least dusty. Literary, yes; but not academic. Muir's lively spirit can make poetry out of a combination of scholarship and emotional perceptions. Technically Muir employs simple rhythms but, as Yeats did, he frequently breaks and jams those rhythms which give, again as with Yeats, a sensation of both naturalness and intensity. More than once, also, his language is remindful of the dry laconics of E. A. Robinson. Yet Muir's verse makes these reminders without failing to sound like himself. There is a binding personality throughout; it is calm and wise and aged and Scottish. And it gives us an objective, quieted poetry; it can be profound as it is simple and clear. Perhaps it only seems to ask so much less of us than it gives us. —W. T. Scott.

"Phone call, Dr. Gordon."

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Thirty Days That Shook the World

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is contributed by Leo Cherne, author and lecturer, executive director of the Research Institute of America, chairman of the International Rescue Committee, and one of the last men out of Hungary before Soviet tanks moved in.*

TEN DAYS in October 1917 shook the world. Thirty days which began in Budapest on October 23, 1956, may yet help to set the world right again. The events in Hungary began with a peaceful march of more than 2,000 students to historic Parliament Square in Pest and reached their climax when 9,000 Hungarians in one day crossed the Austrian frontier seeking freedom's sanctuary on November 23.

During these thirty days the Soviet Union suffered its greatest defeat. During these thirty days men everywhere, in Burma and Switzerland, in Belgium and the United States, in France and Ceylon, in Germany and India, saw their own will for freedom restored, their own horror at butchery rekindled, their own passion for justice revived.

On October 29 a young man born to wealth, who early found his future in the diplomatic service, and who during the last year and a half devoted himself to directing a non-sectarian voluntary agency, responded to the first five days of the second October revolution. Angier Biddle Duke, president of the International Rescue Committee, which for more than twenty years has aided those who have escaped from fascist and Communist dictatorship, took a simple step—a plane reservation to Vienna.

Three hours before the plane departed for Vienna the writer as chairman of IRC agreed to accompany Ambassador Duke in a companion effort to bring the first help through to Hungary itself. He left his desk at the Research Institute of America with the intention, if possible, to establish the field stations in Budapest which would continue to dispense the medicine, the food, the clothing, the bandages, the anti-gangrene drugs, the life-saving antibiotics to those who were fighting for their liberty.

At the same moment a Wall Street broker was reading an editorial about the IRC in *The New York Times* entitled "Freedom's Defenders" detailing the urgent need for help to Hungary. Broker John Richardson left his office and arranged for a shipment of 15,000 units of terramycin to be available on the Pan-American flight taking Duke and Cherne to the scene of the revolution. John Richardson's life was changed with his first gesture. He sought to buy that first $15,000 shipment of antibiotics from Chas. Pfizer and Co. The company, as so many others, refused payment and that initial shipment of terramycin within one month of revolution became $220,000 of the most vital medicines, flown without charge by Pan-American World Airways.

A sizable quantity of baby foods was shipped by Gerber. The Pitman-Moore Company contributed Salk vaccine to halt the suddenly developed threat of a polio epidemic among the Hungarian refugees in Austria. General Electric quickly contributed a $25,000 mobile X-ray unit. Leopold Silberstein, president of Penn-Texas Corporation, made an invaluable offer of 1,000 jobs, homes, training in America for those destined to find their way here.

Simultaneously the heads of various offices of the International Rescue Committee in Europe moved into Vienna to organize under Mr. Duke the massive flow of help and to provide the emergency assistance to those destined to escape from the Hungary they sought to liberate.

In a battered 1950 Chevrolet this writer and the head of the Vienna office of IRC made their way to Budapest and saw the face of the revolution at close range.

WHAT is a revolution? It is a twelve-year-old boy who sits behind a machine-gun nest outside of freedom headquarters for six days and nights without sleep or relief. It is the commandant of a large battalion of freedom fighters who sits at a desk handing out small slips of mimeographed paper with handwritten battle-station orders to an endless line of students and youngsters and workers who pass before that desk. This officer was a young girl, now dead.

The revolution is the eleven-year-old boy who was named hero of his unit. With the agility of the child, the clarity of the young, the courage of the seasoned revolutionary, he had four times in bare feet scampered across the freezing cobblestones of Budapest and up the side of a firing Soviet tank to deposit a bottle of gasoline. He emerged each time unscathed.

But a revolution is also the score of young female students who threw themselves with Molotov cocktails into the very path of an onrushing tank. They were not so agile.

The revolution is evident in the store fronts of hundreds of Budapest shops, unprotected even by a remaining piece of glass, yet with merchandise in the windows intact because of the voluntary discipline of the people.

The revolution is also terrible and terrifying. As you drive at night through shattered streets over glass and rubble, tangling your car in overhead electric cables lying in the streets in distorted shapes everywhere, you suddenly know with nauseating shock that under your wheels is something which had been alive just yesterday.

The revolution is the harrowed and grateful expression on Cardinal Mindszenty's face as you present to him a gift of terramycin from the American people. It is the incredible sight of thirty strong, healthy men in worn workers' clothing, each carrying

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one loaf of bread from your car into the headquarters of the Social Democratic Party as though they are the Hapsburg crown jewels.

The revolution speaks in English with a mellow Hungarian accent as the owner of the Astoria Hotel, standing in his shattered lobby behind a makeshift table, wearing a heavy coat and muffler and hat against the cold wind that blew through nonexistent doors, apologizes that there can be no morning coffee because the hotel has been evacuated and shelled by Russian troops just two hours earlier.

Thirty hours later, having deposited the vital supplies with which the car had been filled, having established contact with the leaders of the long-suppressed democratic parties through whom you had hoped to continue to feed very much larger shipments, you learn that the Russians are returning to the city in force. The sound of gunfire becomes louder. The roads outside of Budapest have been closed and you make your way through back roads, no roads, back, back to a world whose faith has been changed by the events in Budapest, whose hopes and whose future have been born again in Budapest.

You rush to the United States to tell the American people that the revolution you have just seen in Hungary is our revolution—the revolution of all who live in the free world. But the American people already know. In large cities, in tiny communities, citizens have banded together to send help. The Red Cross, church charities, other voluntary agencies are already shipping vital supplies. Thousands of voices rise in Madison Square Garden to clamor, "We want action." A Cuban delegate rises on the floor of the United Nations and speaks for the conscience of an outraged world. Every major free nation prepares to receive refugees who pour out as Soviet force pushes all life from its path.

MEANWHILE a general strike paralyzes Hungary. Guerrilla warfare continues without apparent possibility of any success. A child crosses the border alone; pinned to his shabby coat is a piece of paper with his name, his age ("9"), and the phrases that free men will remember: "Please take care of our child. We remain behind to fight to the last. God bless you." The child becomes many children. Thousands under twelve wend their way alone. The number grows hourly.

The conscience of America is moved. A new delegation leaves for Vienna under the chairmanship of General William Donovan. Herman Steinkraus, former president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce; William vanden Heuvel, brilliant young attorney; Claiborne Pell, executive of the Bell Syndicate, tear themselves from their immediate responsibilities and fly eastward to report on the rapidly growing program of the International Rescue Committee and the new needs which must be met for the 30,000 refugees who have escaped by then.

On November 19 these four men stand watch on the border. In their company is Congressman Francis E. Walter, whose immigration law threatens to impede the quick movement of the first 5,000 refugees President Eisenhower has arranged for the United States to accept. Here on the border many things happen. A Congressman understands anew the words on the base of a statue in New York Harbor and rapidly takes the lead in urging that the number to be sheltered in the United States be increased many times 5,000. When pressed about the problem of security his reply sets a new standard. "You don't understand. These men and women have fought Communism."

A lawyer and a brass manufacturer stand for hours in the freezing cold, at first observing, then helping, and becoming a part of the revolution. Less than 1,000 feet away a woman with a swollen belly runs alone towards the border and suddenly falls to the ground. It is no longer the cold that freezes you as you watch and wait. Five minutes pass, and ten. Shots are heard, as they are continuously, somewhere along the frontier. Still no movement. Finally you can no longer wait. You grab a truck, a car, anything that moves, then rush across the frontier to pick her up. She is still alive and, when revived, you learn that she is eight-and-one-half months pregnant and that all of her life has been compressed into one simple instinct—the child must be born in freedom.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Has He Broken His Pick?"

You spend hours, as these men did, with more than 1,000 students and their teachers who have escaped into Austria. You hand out the fifty shillings which IRC will provide each week to sustain some semblance of independence among these men who started the revolution. And you begin to break your back to make sure that these and 2,000 other students like them can live in the West, can continue their education somewhere, can learn to prize freedom as we enjoy it.

You travel to other centers of Europe which in increasing numbers and in some cases in unlimited amounts are welcoming these refugees. One hundred thousand of them swarm into Austria, exhausting shelter of all kinds, exhausting the resources of a government only recently freed of occupation, exhausting all but generosity, a concept given new meaning by the Austrian Government and people. You find yourself in Holland, where the first 1,000 refugees are met at the border by the Dutch Philharmonic Orchestra playing the strains of the Hungarian National Anthem. Every major figure in the Government is at the border to extend his personal welcome. You visit the camp in which they will be quartered initially, where the Queen waits for their arrival; Juliana lived in the camp for three days with these people sharing their food, their shelter, their life.

A commission returns to the United States to report. The four men have changed; their futures, their purposes imperceptibly but irrevocably altered. They writhe as they use the word "refugee." These are not bedraggled, pitiful, sorrowing, broken people. These are not displaced persons such as the millions preceding them who were broken by Hitler and Stalin. These are not men and women seeking citizenship in a foreign country, eagerly grateful for marginal gifts. The children, the boys, the students, the men and women you have seen as they crossed the frontier crossed as victors in an historic battle. They are proud and certain of their future, and their future is in free Hungary.

Your life has been changed by an image that will never disappear—three students crossing the canal with gunfire at their backs: the first reaches your side with a triumphant smile; the second stumbles in the cold water with painful cramps, laboriously pulls himself out while tears flow from his eyes and he falls before you on free ground; the third struggles in the water and fails to escape as the cold numbs the muscles and stiffens his body before he can reach midstream.

This is the revolution. These thirty

(*Continued on page* 31)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEMOCRACY'S CUDGEL

VIRGINIA GILDERSLEEVE'S "The Abuse of Democracy" (*SR* Nov. 24) deserves high praise. Spengler said once that the West would begin its decline when democracy degenerated into mobocracy. Perhaps this is happening in our schools today. We are attempting to educate hordes of the ineducable, holding back their mental superiors and our potential leaders, while Russia is strengthening her educational position. The word "democracy" is made in America into a cudgel which the inferior hold over the heads of the intellectually superior.

GEORGE G. GILMORE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SPIRITUAL PERFECTION

DEAN GILDERSLEEVE totally ignores the role of ethics in learning. Most great men, like Albert Schweitzer, achieve their greatest insights outside of institutions. But, anyway, the sole goal of education, in America and everywhere, is the spiritual perfection of human personality. That's why perfect democracy in the schoolroom is a necessity.

HERBERT M. PHILLIPS.

Kenilworth, Ill.

IVY LEAGUE HOTHOUSE

WRITING AS ONE disgruntled sow's ear, I must insist that the people be served. In this age we need a scholarship that springs tall and proud from the underbrush, not one fertilized in an Ivy League hothouse!

ROBERT W. PRITCHARD.

Akron, O.

INDIVIDUAL OPPORTUNITY

THE DEMOCRATIC philosophy of providing each child with an equal opportunity has too often been obscured by false conceptions of opportunity and equality. That which is an opportunity for an average child may be a burden to a slow learning child. That which challenges the mentally superior child would be felt as an imposition by the average. Equality lies in providing opportunity in accordance with the ability of each individual, not in providing the same program for *all*.

PAUL L. MUTZABAUGH.

Warren, Pa.

RETARDED GREATNESS

MY CHIEF OBJECTION to Dean Gildersleeve's proposal is directed at her dependence on "the best and wisest tests" and the "judgment of their teachers" to determine which children shall be educated. Who is going to develop these tests and when will they be available? They are anxiously awaited. The "best and wisest tests" we now have are notoriously fallible. They can indicate with some rough accuracy who is generally in the middle of the "intelligence" scale, who below, and who above, but only within wide limits. On the basis of such tests how are we to draw a neat line between those who go on and those who do not? As for the "judgment of their teachers," this, I fear, is an even weaker weapon. It is a truism that most teachers (and more especially those in elementary and secondary schools, the levels where this weeding-out process would go on) tend to rate the docile student who can memorize and parrot with facility as the "intelligent" student. The original, creative intelligence is often poorly regarded, even held back. Witness the early school days of Immanuel Kant, Linnaeus, Charles Darwin, Harriet Martineau, Isaac Newton, Robert Fulton, Heinrich Heine, George Eliot, Oliver Goldsmith, and Winston Churchill, to name but a few. Had their futures depended on the judgments of their teachers the world would be today the poorer.

The basic question is this: Have we the right, with our imperfect and unreliable instruments of judgment, to pass sentence on all children? Do we have the right to determine absolutely a child's intellectual future when we have so many, many chances of being wrong?

ROBERT W. DELANCEY.

Syracuse, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"If you ever tasted one of Ellen's wheat germ loaves, King Alfred, you wouldn't feel so bad about burning it."

THE MAJORITY'S DECISIONS

HARDLY ANYONE is such a fool as to wish the PTA to accept or reject the latest Einstein theory by majority vote. Nor will we ask the PTA to decide the form of government for the City of Chicago. However, Dean Gildersleeve's straw man obscures the real point. Just as surely as the fate of Einstein's theory is decided in the long run by the test of time and experiment, so is the theory of city government. Neither matter can ever be finally and completely settled beyond possibility of reconsideration, but the decisions are rendered in each case by the majority opinion of the people concerned.

It has been on the basis of experience that there has been an increasing demand for more education by the mass of the American people. When I reflect upon my calculus class this semester in a tax-supported junior college I doubt that the majority have the scholastic ability to finally obtain an engineering degree. But some undoubtedly will, and we can't take a chance on missing any of these. Were Dr. Gildersleeve writing her article 100 years ago in an attempt to stem the rising tide of mass education of that day she would be arguing that few of these students could learn more than the bare rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering.

HENRY A. PATIN.

Chicago, Ill.

A CHEER FOR DEFIANCE

I DO NOT FEEL that the majority always knows what is good for tomorrow's majority and I cheer the group as well as the individual who defies the censorship of the Democracy.

RICHARD HAREM.

Long Beach, Calif.

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WAR

Militarism From the Steppes

"The Red Army," edited by B. H. Liddell Hart *(Harcourt, Brace. 480 pp. $6), is a collection of thirty-nine essays by British, American, German, French, and Russian experts on every facet of the Soviet military machine. Our reviewer, Gordon Harrison, is a former Army historian and is now military writer for* The Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

ON A February night in 1942, with the temperature at 40 below, low-flying Soviet aircraft dropped a brigade of paratroopers on a snow-covered plain behind the German lines. It would have been just another routine and unsuccessful operation but for one eccentricity: Many of the Russians jumped without parachutes.

German General Student, who relates this incident in "The Red Army," comments drily that the Soviet tumble wingless into the deep snow was "the simplest and most original kind of parachute drop." The simplicity and originality were both peculiarly Russian. While individual G. I.'s might be capable of similar toughness and improbable courage, it would be inconceivable for an American command to plan a parachuteless drop, order planeloads of men to jump under such circumstances, or expect the orders to be carried out as a matter of course. What made the exploit feasible for Russians?

In the thirty-nine essays by British, American, German, French, and Russian expert observers here assembled by the distinguished military writer Captain B. H. Liddell Hart every facet of the history, techniques, tactics, arms, and organization of the Soviet Army is explored, but the central preoccupation is—as it should be—to define what manner of man is the Russian behind the gun. "The two great traditions basic to Russia," writes former Soviet Captain Mikhail Koriakov, "are the military tradition and the Russians' love of the soil. Despite Soviet industrialization, the mass of the Russian people . . . remain a people of farmers and soldiers. The mentality of the peasant is stamped on the Army—its conditions, its character, and the general spirit that pervades it." Here is the indispensable key to understanding the Red Army.

The deep sociological consequence of the Bolshevik revolution was not the conversion of a nation to Communism but the delivery of Russian society, culture, government, and policy into the hands of the peasantry. Where American commentators in this book tend to see Soviet strengths and weaknesses as reflections of ideological drives and limitations, Russian and German observers find more convincing explanations in village-bred habits of mind. The toughness and dumb obedience, for instance, exemplified by the jump without parachutes may look like products of totalitarian training or fanatic devotion to an idea but actually derive more basically from the hardships, fatalism, and paternalism of the Russian village. Used to an existence of grinding poverty, the Russian peasant lives too close to death to fear it and too absorbed with animal necessities to value himself as a person. Accustomed to absolute obedience to the father, who exercises literally the right of life and death over his family, the soldier sees nothing unreasonable or unjust in the demand of his officers for the same kind of discipline. Nor do officers of peasant stock hesitate to make such demands.

Village life in semi-serfdom has enforced communal responsibility, stifled impulses toward individualism. The Russian peasant soldier is therefore an unexcelled mass fighter, almost impervious to suffering and danger so long as he feels himself part of a disciplined group. (On this point the German generals are unanimous.) Peasant psychology rather than the mere availability of manpower has encouraged Russian armies in mass tactics. Conversely, not a scarcity of men but the traditions of individualism restrict the NATO countries to a European army of only twenty divisions heavily dependent on machines and super-weapons.

BOTH technically and tactically mass armies would seem to be particularly vulnerable in the atomic age. Some of Captain Hart's contributors derive considerable cheer from what they feel is an inherent Russian disadvantage on the atomic battlefield. But in so doing they come perilously close to identifying "peasant" with "stupid," and to assume that free enterprise is necessarily the only progressive system for peace or war. Unfortunately, their colleagues have page after page of facts that do not support that view. Far from being technologically backward, the Russians have struck a pace of scientific

—International News Photo.

Russian Honor Guard, Vienna—". . . simplicity and originality."

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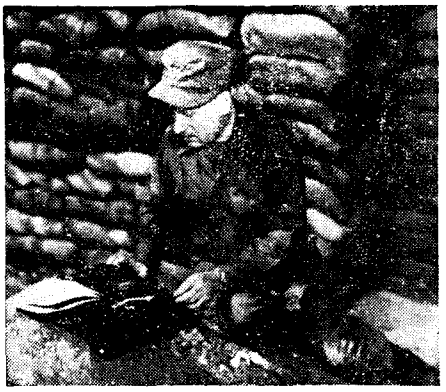
and industrail development that in certain directions already threatens to outstrip Western efforts. What is happening cannot be argued as impossible.

A Soviet scientist, asked how he could get on with his work under the constant supervision of secret police replied: "The Russian police is like the Russian climate. It is hard, but we are used to it and we take precautions." Sir Eric Ashby, who quotes that remark in his final brilliant essay on Soviet science, thinks we could commit no more serious blunder than to assume that conditions of work intolerable to us are equally burdensome to the Russians. For along with the burdens of unfreedom Soviet society has discovered new sources of vitality, particularly in the humility and hunger of the newly risen peasant mind for knowledge and excellence. A country which awards the same kind of prestige and privilege to engineers which in democracies goes to baseball players is likely to devote a correspondingly larger proportion of its energy, talent, and intelligence to engineering. In a contest between two nations roughly comparable in human and natural resources that one will prevail that makes the more sustained effort.

One way we might do better would be to take to heart such impassive analyses as are here presented without any attempt to push a thesis. The strikingly undigested and unliterary quality of "The Red Army" curiously seems to give it greater weight as a document capable of dispelling some very dangerous illusions. It demands rather more than it should of the patience of the reader, yet in compensation it offers an impressive body of research and experience to any who will make the effort. In Washington, at least, it ought to be required reading.



—U.S. Army.

S. L. A. Marshall—"... searching inquiries."

Americans in Battle

"Pork Chop Hill," by S. L. A. Marshall *(Morrow. 315 pp. $5), is the story of a forty-eight-hour defensive fight by elements of the U. S. 7th Infantry Division in Korea that throws light on the way American soldiers behave in conflict. H. A. DeWeerd, who reviews it here, is the author of "Great Soldiers of World War II" and other books.*

By H. A. DeWeerd

S. L. A. MARSHALL is a gifted, energetic newsman with a long-time interest in military affairs. His searching inquiries into the behavior of men in battle and his realistic combat narratives have won him a leading rank among the military writers of our time. He has concerned himself with deceptively simple but militarily vital questions. How many soldiers actually fire their weapons in battle? Why do others fail to fire? How much ammunition, equipment, and clothing can a soldier carry and still fight? What makes one man capable of influencing others in battle? How do Americans from various walks of life meet the strains and uncertainties of combat?

There is an old saying: "Truth can be seen wandering about the battlefield naked on the night of an encounter, but by morning it has put on a uniform." In order to get a second chance at truth, Marshall developed a technique of post-combat group interviews. He employed it as an army historian in the Pacific and European theatres during World War II and as an operations analyst for ORO in Korea. His last book, "The River and the Gauntlet," was based upon this method. It was a brilliantly written shocker showing how the road-bound Eighth Army, lavishly equipped with vehicles and radios, was ambushed and defeated late in November 1950 by a host of Chinese "peasants" armed with rifles and machine-guns and led into battle with shepherd's pipes.

His newest book, "Pork Chop Hill," tells the story of a forty-eight-hour defensive fight made by elements of the U.S. 7th Infantry Division against a surprise Chinese assault on their hill position. It also tells the story of six different combat patrols carried out on the static front at various times during the armistice negotiations. Marshall is not concerned with the command decisions governing this confused and apparently senseless fighting but with the actions of the men who carried it out. His words make it clear that Marshall regarded it as "a privilege to be associated with such courageous, high-minded men. . . ."

When the Chinese Communist forces tried to push the American troops off Pork Chop Hill on April 16, 1953, Operation Little Switch was underway and the Korean War seemed to be approaching its indecisive end. There was not much sense in the Chinese attack, any more than in their attack on Old Baldy a few weeks earlier. Perhaps they wanted the satisfaction of throwing the Americans out of another entrenched position before the armistice closed down upon the war. If this was their objective they failed. But a few weeks later we gave them Pork Chop Hill as a gift, not regarding it worth the loss of another squad or man.

By the time of these engagements the character of the war in Korea and of the Chinese armies presented a great change over the conditions of November 1950. Two years of positional warfare had turned the Chinese infantryman into a skilled and deadly trench fighter, "furtive, light of foot, and highly elusive." He operated out

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FAST COLOR

The authors listed below used the name of a certain color—the same color throughout—as part of the titles of their books. Ruth B. Stebbins of Elizabeth, N.J., asks you to supply these titles. Answers on page 31.

1. Richard Llewellyn
2. Ernest Hemingway
3. William Archer
4. Hugh Walpole
5. Marc Connelly
6. Louis Bromfield
7. W. H. Hudson
8. Daniel Pierce Thompson
9. Elizabeth Goudge
10. A. P. O'Donnell
11. Michael Arlen
12. Lloyd Douglas
13. Arthur Schnitzler
14. German Arciniegas
15. Eudora Welty
16. Julian Duguid
17. Emlyn Williams
18. William Faulkner
19. Evan Brandon
20. Robert S. Hichens

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of defensive works "engineered for maximum concealment and deception" and extending for fourteen miles behind the front. Chinese artillery was cave-based and capable of time-on-target firing, but it confined their armies to operations within its range.

The American positions by comparison were badly engineered with the forward line "most vulnerable to either conventional or atomic attack from the air." Shortage of manpower and lack of experience in its constantly rotating personnel compelled the Eighth Army to "use the implements of mobility simply to sit still and survive." With, or perhaps on account of, all our communications equipment and gear, our troops were heavy-footed and slow. Thus, at the end of the Korean War, two immobile armies scratched at each other across barbed-wire entanglements much as the Germans and British did at the Somme in 1916.

Tactically, the interesting thing about the Pork Chop Hill battle was the way in which the Americans employed artillery to defend this hill mass. Whenever they could do so the Americans, who had been driven into the dug-outs of Pork Chop by the sudden Chinese assault, called down the massed fire of the organic artillery of two divisions on their own position. This rate of fire (80,000 rounds in two days) exceeded that of any battle in World War II. It broke the back of the Chinese attack.

At moments when the artillery fire lifted Chinese and American troops battled at close quarters. Marshall's company-by-company account tells the story of the confused and bitter fighting which led to a withdrawal of all surviving Chinese troops from Pork Chop Hill. In Marshall's words the Americans won in this engagement because they "outgamed" the Chinese Reds. In two vital particulars the men who fought at Pork Chop "'outshone" any troops Marshall had ever encountered: "There was a superior command presence in their young officers, and a higher ratio of enlisted men exercised strong initiative in the most dangerous moments" of the battle. Our troops had "soft leg muscles" but there was no weakness in their fighting spirit.

As long as men are willing to fight wickedness these stories will interest and inspire them.

IN PRAISE OF THE REGULAR: In his **"The Compact History of the U.S. Army"** (Hawthorn, $4.95) Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy has his eyes partly closed in order to see in the history of our Army only what he wishes to record for the greater glory of the professional service. It is not surprising, therefore, that his book has a dreamy quality demanding the suspension of critical judgment. Even when one makes full allowance for Colonel Dupuy's aim it is still hard to excuse his cops-and-robbers approach to the subtleties of human experience. The hero of this history is the Regular; the villain is the political civilian who out of sheer cussedness apparently has been giving Army officers from Washington to MacArthur a hard row to hoe. Of the patriot armies in the Revolution Colonel Dupuy writes: "They were warriors . . . but . . . not yet soldiers. Their leader's lofty spirit soared high above his tatterdemalion array, above the slime of political skullduggery and self-seeking politicians, the intrigues of the Tories and the breastbeatings of the faint-hearted." Of General MacArthur's relief in 1951 he writes that the general was recalled "in the midst of a struggle in which he had successfully withstood political handicaps limiting his combat power and at the moment when the fallacy of the Administration's 'limited war' policy was beginning to show." He then suggests that the American people punished this outrageous civilian behavior by promptly electing a general to the White House. There is not a word about MacArthur's defiance of U.N. strategy and orders. Take one more example. Here is Colonel Dupuy's "explanation" of what he apparently believes was wholesale brainwashing of U.S. prisoners in Korea: "Our young men had been brought up in an atmosphere of TV and comic books, juke boxes and pinball machines, hot rods and drive-in movies. Some of them came from families infected with the creeping paralysis of unemployment compensation turned into a racket." It is too bad that the author did not content himself with reminiscences of some fifty years of Army life which midway in this volume strike a certain charm. —G. H.

—Illustration by Gil Walker for "The Compact History of the United States Army."

". . . the hero of this history is the Regular . . . the villain (the civilian)."

RAMBLE THROUGH MILITARY HISTORY: In his last book, **"The Battles That Changed History"** (Hanover House, $4.95), the late Fletcher Pratt confesses that he is looking at history through half-closed eyes, the better, he says, to see the shape of great events without distracting detail. His thesis is that certain battles in the Western world are specially noteworthy because, unlike others, they have decisively changed the course of history. To establish this point he sets up a series of assumptions: first, that western Europeans and Arabs uniquely discovered "that it was possible to change the course of history on the battlefield"; second, "that the decisive battles are those marking turning points" after which things would have been a good deal different if the decision had gone in the other direction; and, finally, that the decisive battles have been positive, that is, they have altered the direction of history and not merely prevented an alteration. While these criteria do suggest a principle of selection, each choice remains as debatable as the grounds for choice. Why, for instance, should World War I be dismissed as indecisive, the battle of Tours as merely negative, when Vicksburg, a negative decision in a war to prevent revolutionary change in America's development, is included?

The point is not that one may quarrel with each of the author's inclusions and omissions but that the quarrel, turning on the slippery and finally meaningless word "decisive," is itself meaningless. The whole assumption of turning points rests on hypothesis, the wholly unprovable sense that if a given event had turned out otherwise subsequent events would have been radically different. Mr. Pratt succeeds no better than did Creasy or Fuller before him in establishing an objective standard for decisiveness in battle. His real guides have been his taste for a good yarn, which is nearly impeccable, and his skill in narrative, which is considerable. While one would like to report that Mr. Pratt has here concluded a long career as a military writer with a final distillation of his accumulated wisdom and skill, the most that can honestly be said is that he has written a very readable book. —G. H.

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The Red Planet

"A Space Traveler's Guide to Mars," by I. M. Levitt *(Holt. 175 pp. $3.50), explains current astronomical thinking about that planet and the possibility of traveling there. Robert H. Baker, author of "The Universe Unfolding," reviews it here.*

By Robert H. Baker

HALF a century ago the famed philosopher-columnist "Mr. Dooley" of *The Chicago Tribune* chose as his topic for the day the importance of going along with one's convictions. He cited as an example a man who observed the canals of Mars, "which some other people thought could be cured by a good oculist." But this man said, "I believe there are canals on Mars. I'll look and see. Be hivvens there are!" I. M. Levitt explains in his book "A Space Traveler's Guide to Mars" that the canals now debated for eighty years, are to be seen occasionally, especially with a rather small telescope. With large telescopes and in the best atmospheric conditions, however, the illusory network of fine lines may be replaced by a variety of random markings on the surface of Mars.

Dr. Levitt is director of the Fels Planetarium in Philadelphia. His book will serve well to inform inquirers of features the astronomers are observing on the red planet and of their sometimes different interpretations of what they see.

Mars appears in our skies as a red star moving through the constellations. It becomes very brilliant at intervals of fifteen years, when it makes unusually close approaches to the earth, as it did last September. It is now out in the south in the evening, somewhat less bright than at its greatest splendor. Early reports of astronomers indicate disappointment that severe Martian dust storms lowered the visibility of the planet's surface through the telescope at this otherwise favorable opportunity to observe it.

The opening chapters of the book describe the seasons of Mars, which resemble our own, and the remarkable seasonal changes. Snow caps spread and shrink alternately at the poles. Large dark areas against the reddish background of the deserts seem to turn green in the spring and to revert to brown with the approach of winter. Levitt believes these are probably areas of hardy vegetation, similar to the lichens which climbers of lofty mountains observe as the highest traces of plant life. Conditions for animal life and especially for human life are not promising. Water is very scarce, and free oxygen does not exceed a thousandth of its abundance in the earth's atmosphere. Nor is the outlook more hopeful for human beings on the other planets of the sun's family. Yet the sun is only one of the countless stars which may be attended by planets where people like ourselves could flourish, a frequent conclusion we may be for or against without fear of contradiction.

The closing chapters turn to the rather different subject of evolution. They begin with a historical account of the problem of the birth of the solar system, concluding with Kuiper's theory, which seems to the author and to many others the most useful for the present. George Gamow's idea is chosen as an example of the current thinking about the development of the entire universe, where the chemical elements are supposed to have been formed from primitive stuff in the first half-hour of the expansion of the universe. Since the book was written, however, scientists have experimented with the different idea that element building is going on continually in the stars.

ONE of the two appendices to the book summarizes a theory of the evolution of life on the earth, from its beginning as simple cells in the warm waters of primitive oceans to the appearance of man. The second contains the author's personal timetable of the progress to space flights. Beginning with the first unmanned earth satellite in 1957-1958, he imagines that a satellite containing animals will be launched in 1964 and a manned satellite in 1968, that a space station will be assembled in 1978-1980, and that expeditions to the moon and planets will begin in the year 2000. If these predictions prove to be correct and if people over age forty are not invited to share in such exacting adventures, then no one on earth today will ever set foot on Mars.

—From "Earth Satellites (Norton).
Cyrano de Bergerac's Space Ship.

Stations in Space

MORE ON SATELLITES: Within the past year an American literary critic seriously declared that modern Americans have failed to produce great novels partly because of a "failure of dramatic possibilities in our culture." Ignoring the endless dramatic possibilities within every human personality, as well as the wars and other dangers of our time, one wonders how what he says can be true in a day when science alone is offering man vast dramatic adventure—and even beginning to dangle before him the prospect of space travel.

So far, however, we are getting both the facts and the spirit of science, including space travel, mainly from non-fiction. In this class is **"Satellite!"** (Hanover House, $3.95). Erik Bergaust and William Beller, two aviation journalists and engineers, treat both the coming space satellite and the future of missiles and rockets.

Their style is plodding and their organization is poor, but on the plus side they communicate much information. In a foreword Professor Herman Oberth, rocket scientist and "father of astronautics," calls their work complete and accurate—a high compliment. He tells us they report much that has not been reported before; he is in a position to know. He also says *he* has written a book that will be published shortly. His little foreword is lively. —Victor Cohn.

COMING: Another new book on the subject, "Earth Satellites," by Patrick Moore (Norton, $2.95), will be reviewed in an early issue.

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The Summing–up in Books for 1956

Continued from page 12

arren's personal but perceptive re-
ort on a visit to his native country
"Segregation." Happily the defense
other civil liberties became less
gent in 1956; Zechariah Chafee's
he Blessings of Liberty" was the
ly important discussion. Perhaps it
as a fear that the issue will not
main quiescent indefinitely that put
enator Kennedy's book among the
est-sellers. Our military tradition
id its effect on our position in in-
rnational affairs was treated admi-
bly by Walter Millis in "Arms and
en."

Private enterprise continued to ab-
rb the attention of many readers.
rom the pages of *Fortune* and from
ie pens of writers who shared its
iewpoint came a series of books
nalyzing big business and the ex-
cutive life, as the titles indicate:
Great Enterprise," "Big Business
eaders," "The Executive Life," "The
uest for Wealth," "The Organiza-
on Man." Charles E. Sorenson wrote
f "My Forty Years with Ford," Ray-
iond B. Fosdick of "John D. Rocke-
eller," and Bascom N. Timmons of
Jesse H. Jones." More critical of
ie ways of the corporate world were
. Wright Mills's "The Power Elite"
nd Dwight Macdonald's "The Ford
oundation."

For years the publications of Time,
nc. and various journals of business
iave been scolding novelists for not
giving sufficiently sympathetic atten-
ion to business and professional life.
f anything, the novelists responded
nore meagerly than ever in 1956.
Louis Auchincloss's "The Great World
nd Timothy Colt" offered a not hos-
ile view of the business of law; but
Helen Howe's picture of the world
of Madison Avenue in "The Success"
nd John G. Burnett's depiction of
dvertising in "Company Man" were
atrabilious.

In the field of international affairs,
he book world did not do too well.
The death of Stalin and the swift
changes in Soviet policy caught the
political analysts unawares and it
was not until late in the year that
books like Edward Crankshaw's "Rus-
sia Without Stalin" and C. L. Sulz-
berger's "The Big Thaw" were avail-
able. A work of thorough and scru-
pulous scholarship like George F.
Kennan's "Russia Leaves the War,"
the first volume of a projected history
of Soviet-American relations from
1917 to 1920, promises to be of more
enduring value.

Despite the strain created by the Egyptian adventure of Great Britain and France, Amercians continued to look to these countries for a large portion of their literary and cultural fare. What was perhaps the best biography of the year was an Anglo-American product. "Richard III" was written by an American professor, Paul Murray Kendall, with the assistance of English scholars and editors. Americans still felt enough rapport with Britain to laugh at the jokes about caste and class that Nancy Mitford made in "Noblesse Oblige." Two autobiographies by Britons that lived up to the high standards of their literary tradition were David Garnett's "The Flowers of the Forest" and Richard Church's "Over the Bridge."

A year ago, Maurice Dolbier, who did the summing-up in this place, described the condition of the English novel in 1955 as "resting comfortably, pulse regular, temperature, as usual, slightly below normal." The same could be said of 1956. Rebecca West made an auspicious start on a trilogy with a novel about her fragrantly remembered youth in "The Fountain Overflows." For the first time Americans could read an early novel of Joyce Cary with a roughly comparable theme, "A House of Children." Graham Greene ruffled many Yankee feathers with his portrait of "The Quiet American" behaving offensively in the Far East. C. P. Snow continued his dissection of life among British civil servants in "Homecoming." V. S. Pritchett offered some superb examples of the short-story form in "The Sailor, Sense of Humour, and Other Stories." Angus Wilson, whose short stories have long been admired, made a strong bid for wider popularity with a dazzlingly witty novel "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes." David Garnett reminded us of an old talent that remains elegant and entertaining in "Aspects of Love." J. R. R. Tolkien completed his fantastic trilogy "The Lords of the Ring."

—*Rene Saint-Paul.*

Françoise Sagan ". . . a difference."

The British have lived up to their reputation for writing eminently superior historical novels; among those present this year were Bryher, H. F. M. Prescott, Alfred Duggan, A. M. Maugham, and Mary Renault. Two fine comic novels by relatively new writers were "That Uncertain Feeling," by Kingsley Amis (who is Welsh), and "The Straight and Narrow Path," by Honor Tracy (who is Irish).

As ANY reader of Alexander Werth's "France: 1940-1956" knows full well, Marianne has been having her troubles since World War II. The same lesson might be learned, in even more palatable form, from Simone de Beauvoir's novel about Parisian intellectuals, "The Mandarins." Nonetheless, the present generation of French writers continue to display the wit, subtlety, and sophistication that Anglo-Saxon readers expect of Latins. In 1956 François Mauriac was back with "The Land," as was Marcel Aymé ("The Green Mare"), Jean Dutourd ("Five A. M."), Pierre Boule ("The Face of a Hero"), and Maurice Druon ("The Film of Memory," "The Iron King"). Something of a literary event was the publication for the first time of "Jean Santeuil," a novel Marcel Proust wrote when he was in the late twenties and which is regarded as a first experiment with the material he later used in "Remembrance of Things Past." André Maurois turned his incomparable talent as a biographer to "Olympio: The Life of Victor Hugo." And of course there was Mlle. Sagan.

The literary product of other countries was thinner. From Italy and Germany came learned studies of political and economic trends but no important fiction. Apparently the postwar renaissance in Italy has spent itself, while that in Germany has not even gotten started. Herbert Kubly, who last year won a National Book Award for "An American in Italy," this year wrote of "Easter in Sicily" in the same style of impressionistic reportage. From Spain there was Alejo Carpentier's "The Lost Steps," from Greece Ilias Venezis's "Beyond the Aegean," from South Africa Nadine Gordimer's "Six Feet of the Country."

India continued to be a favorite

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setting for novelists—Indian (R. K. Narayan, R. Prawer Jhabvala, Anand Lall, Kamala Markandaya, Santha Rama Rau), British (William Buchan), and American (Margaret Lee Runbeck, William Manchester). Each time a new novel of Narayan is published —in 1956 it was "Waiting for the Mahatma"—it is enthusiastically hailed by the critics but pointedly avoided by the public. To give us the facts about India's politics and its present leader, Frank Moraes, editor of *The Times of India,* offered a detailed biography of "Jawaharlal Nehru."

Japanese literature, especially Japanese fiction, was being discovered for Americans by several publishers, led notably by the house of Knopf. Four 1956 novels seemed to have something to say to occidental minds: Yukio Mishima ("The Sound of Waves"), Hiroshi Noma ("Zone of Emptiness"), Osamu Dazai ("The Setting Sun"), and Eiji Yoshikawa ("The Heiké Story").

How did fiction fare here at home in 1956? Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, the giants of prewar vintage were silent. John O'Hara's "A Family Party" was skilful, but only a long short story. The potential giants of the postwar generation did only a bit better. John Hersey scored a comeback, after his lapse in "The Marmot Drive," with a short allegorical tale, "A Single Pebble." It might win the National Book Award or the Pulitzer Prize if "The Last Hurrah" does not. The year's offerings of two onetime NBA winners, Saul Bellow ("Seize the Day") and Nelson Algren ("A Walk on the Wild Side"), were interesting but not distinguished. Meyer Levin, an oldtimer, returned to the majors with "Compulsion," a fictional presentation of the Leopold-Loeb case; but William Saroyan, another oldtimer, just went through the motions in "Mama, I Love You" and "The Whole Voyald." A. B. Guthrie, Jr. had a very superior Western to offer in "These Thousand Hills." Other old "pros" had their annual offerings: the late Samuel Shellabarger ("Tolbecken," his last novel, and a little different), Pearl Buck ("Imperial Woman"), A. J. Cronin ("A Thing of Beauty"), Paul I. Wellman ("Jericho's Daughters"), Irwin Shaw ("Lucy Crown"). Five uncommonly accomplished writers who never have been accorded the public recognition they deserve presented new claims: Elizabeth Spencer ("The Voice at the Back Door"), B. J. Chute ("Greenwillow"), Wright Morris ("The Field of Vision"), Theodora Keogh ("My Name Is Rose"), ar John Howard Griffin ("Nuni"). Pet De Vries's great comic gift has bee granted critical garlands in the pas his "Comfort Me with Apples" cal for more.

Nineteen fifty-six was a good yea for both newcomers and old hanc who had never enjoyed great succes Among the latter was Guy Endor whose "King of Paris" was a nove about Dumas *père* in the style c Dumas *père.* William Brinkley' "Don't Go Near the Water" prove that what is riotously risible to on reader may be unconscionably borin to another, while Grace Metalious' "Peyton Place" was conclusive evi dence, if anyone doubted it, that se and sadism have a vast market. Aficionados of the novel who like to spo comers should pay attention to th aforementioned Lucy Daniels, Ruth Stephan ("The Flight"), Betsy Hopkins Lochridge ("Blue River") Thomas Anderson (who was reared in Denmark and wrote of Korea ir "Your Own Beloved Sons"), Diana Chang (who is part Chinese and the author of "Frontiers of Love"), Brian Moore (who is Irish-Canadian and the author of "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne"), Adele Wiseman (who is Canadian and wrote "The Sacrifice").

In 1956 criticism made the course in about par. One of the best volumes was the collection of essays gathered from the works of Santayana. Edmund Wilson and Jacques Barzun offered essays on a wide variety of topics ("A Piece of My Mind" and "The Energies of Art" respectively). Mary McCarthy took the contemporary drama apart in "Sights and Spectacles," Frank O'Connor dissertated on the novel in "The Mirror in the Roadway," and Robert Graves delivered himself of some provocative notions about poetry in "The Crowning Privilege." David Daiches made a comprehensive survey of classical and modern "Critical Approaches to Literature." John W. Aldridge, perhaps the only member of the postwar generation deliberately to set out to establish himself as a Critic, appeared resigned to addressing a coterie in "In Search of Heresy."

Quantitatively most of the books about literature employed the historical and biographical approach. There were collections of letters by George Eliot, Coleridge, and Thomas Wolfe, new instalments of the diaries of John Evelyn and James Boswell. Thomas E. Johnson wrote of the life of Emily Dickinson, Perry Miller of the works and time of Poe and Melville, Donald Elder of Ring Lardner, Alfred Perles of Henry Miller, Grace

ONE SURE-FIRE SUBJECT for an interesting book is Woman. Acting on this premise, William Cole and Florett Robinson have ransacked American magazines from 1850's *Harper's Weekly* to 1956's *New Yorker* to find the more than 400 cartoons that make up their delightful new book "Women Are Wonderful" (Houghton Mifflin, $5). The editors have assembled their findings to show women's absurd taste in fashions, the methods they employ to bag the male, their sports, their struggle for equality with the male, their revolt against the Puritan tradition, their attitude toward domesticity, and their true natures. The result: a happy combination of nostalgia, social history, popular psychology, and just good laughs. At right, a caricature of post-World War I fashions: "the black furred vampalot." Below, a 1915 *Judge* cartoon.

"Thoroughly Enjoying the Play."

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Hegger Lewis of her marriage to Sinclair Lewis; and Harvey Breit reported, in "The Writer Observed," what he learned during chats with contemporary writers.

AT THIS point in any summing-up of a literary year the summarizer becomes uncomfortably conscious that there were notable books that do not fit into any of the pigeonholes he has constructed . . . for example, "Further Fables for Our Time," by that master of the naive-sophisticated line James Thurber . . . "Much Ado About Me," the autobiography of the wise and witty Fred Allen . . . "The Nun's Story," the fictionalized biography of a Belgian woman who served mankind in Africa, by Kathryn Hulme . . . Alan Moorehead's "Gallipoli," which may well prove to be a classic of military history . . . the preposterous book that set many Americans and too many publishers crazy about hypnotism and reincarnation: "The Search for Bridey Murphy," by Morey Bernstein . . . the fey, frothy wit of Patrick Dennis, writing under various aliases in "Auntie Mame," "Guestward Ho!" and "The Loving Couple" . . . the opaque revelations of the Duchess of Windsor in "The Heart Has Its Reasons" . . . the shelf-ful of popular science books, dealing with archeology, human biology, and geology, that followed in the wake of the immensely successful "Gods, Graves, and Scholars" . . . the little library of books on the meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls, for which public interest had been whetted by the implication (unfounded, as it turned out) of Edmund Wilson in his book "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea" that the ancient documents threw some light on the question of the uniqueness of Jesus.

At this point, too, every literary summarizer takes a deep breath and prays that he has not fallen into the ways of the summarizers 105 years ago who failed to give "Moby-Dick" its due. Thereupon he turns his face, hopefully, toward 1957.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "How Green Was My Valley" 2. "The Green Hills of Africa" 3. "The Green Goddess" 4. "The Green Mirror" 5. "The Green Mountain Boys" 9. "Green Dolphin Street" 10. "Green Margins" 11. "The Green Hat" 12. "Green Light" 13. "The Green Cockatoo" 14. "The Green Continent" 15. "A Curtain of Green" 16. "Green Hell" 17. "The Corn Is Green" 18. "A Green Bough" 19. "Green Pond" 20. "The Green Carnation."

Thirty Days That Shook . . .

Continued from page 23

days have changed the face of the world. The massacre in Hungary is by no means ended. The roll of the dead is, unhappily, by no means complete. The terror, the fear, the brutality, the bloodshed are by no means over. But the victory has been won. This revolution taught the world the meaning of freedom. This revolution has restored the confidence of the free. We have reiterated for years "Freedom must prevail," "Man will always strive to be free," "The totalitarian must destroy himself." But anxiety sapped our faith. Total power in the hands of terror, the incredible instruments that destroy the brain and spirit, the total indoctrination of the young—could these be overcome?

Budapest has answered us. The student, long subsidized by the state, carefully chosen for his special place, was the author of the new manifesto hurled against the state. The worker, supposed pet and benefactor of the new paradise, was the first to join the student. The Red Army, disciplined slave of its Moscow masters, was the first to desert. Among illusions buried by the revolution were those involving the "new look" in the Soviet Union, the fantasies of de-Stalinization, the mockery of the peace-promises. We learned that Stalin has never been more alive than he was in those thirty days of the second revolution. The treachery of dictatorship has never been more dangerous than when the Soviets conducted their cynical negotiations with the commanders of the Hungarian army, the leaders of the Hungarian Government, and the Government of Yugoslavia.

A river of blood flowed from Buda and from Pest into the Duna and the new Hungary was baptized there. Shattered on the streets before the Parliament of Budapest were the bodies of children, college students, aged men and women. But the Soviets have destroyed neither Hungary nor Budapest. They have destroyed themselves in the thirty days which began on the quiet afternoon of October 23, 1956.

It is urgent, as we contemplate the meaning of these days, that we recognize that while it was our revolution it was not fought by us. The West responded with generosity, but revolutions need action. The disappointment of the Hungarian people may, in good measure, be the result of their unrealistic hopes and expectations, but it is also the result of the failure of the major free powers to be adequate to the events of this month. In recent days the United Nations has significantly increased the urgency with which it is facing the problem of Hungary. Even greater pressure will be required.

IMPLICIT in the position of our Government from the beginning of the Hungarian revolution has been President Eisenhower's expressed reluctance to use American military strength lest it violate the neutrality of Austria, involve widespread injury to the people of Hungary, and risk war with the Soviet Union. In the absence of more direct action by the major Governments of the West the United Nations necessarily becomes the major instrument to deter the Communist Governments in Russia and Hungary from even greater outrages than have already occurred.

We must not let up in the international effort to force the withdrawal of Soviet troops. We must not relent in our demand for United Nations inspection inside Hungary. If these are refused the United Nations must be led to conduct an inquiry on the border of Hungary among those who escaped, among the foreign correspondents who were in Budapest, among the diplomatic representatives of the free nations who were or are in the capital of Hungary.

We must refuse recognition to the depraved and illegal Soviet puppets in Hungary and their representatives at the United Nations.

Above all, we must be prepared to act as we have thus far not acted should the continued courage of the people of Hungary bring about the ultimate in inhumanity—a Soviet effort to exterminate the Hungarian people as a whole.

In the hours ahead of us we must extend every kind of needed help to the more than 120,000 Hungarians who have sought sanctuary in the West. Every accredited voluntary agency assisting in this effort requires the most urgent financial assistance. The programs they undertake are costly and beyond any present financial capacity of the Red Cross, the religious affiliated agencies, HIAS, CARE, International Rescue Committee, or First Aid for Hungary. This, as the President's representative Tracy Voorhees so accurately said, is not so much an American responsibility as it is an historic opportunity.

—LEO CHERNE.

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"A MASTERPIECE!"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES
FREDRIC MARCH FLORENCE ELDRIDGE
IN
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
"Long Day's Journey Into Night"
Directed by JOSÉ QUINTERO
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TV AND RADIO

Vulgarity by Exposure

TOWARD the end of "Our Mr. Sun," the first of several hour-long programs on scientific subjects offered by the Bell Telephone System, the following juxtaposition was made: A quotation from the noble hymn of St. Francis ending with his salute to "our brother Sun." Then, "Now you're cooking with sunshine."

I cannot recall whether the line was spoken by Eddie Albert or by the cartoon-figure of the sun. It doesn't much matter. The effect, the intent, the quality of the program could not have come through more clearly: whatever is great, whatever is significant can be used in television only if it is hoked up or cut down to the presumed size of the heart and mind of the audience.

It is at least five years since I heard of this program and nothing promised, in fact nothing accomplished, had seemed to me so well worth doing, so worthy of being done well. When the news came that the work was to be done by Frank Capra everything seemed perfect.

There were magnificent things in "Our Mr. Sun." Not only brilliant shots of birds and windmills and waterwheels and falling timber, but whole sequences in which these shots were interrelated and connected with the grand and intricate story of solar power. We saw the graven images through which savages worshiped the sun. We experienced the invigorating shock of discovery: the equivalent of 4 billion hydrogen bombs have been going off every second for 4 billion years in the sun; or "out of all human beings who have ever lived one out of twenty is alive today." We learned about the vast untapped source of food in *chlorella*. The diagrams and data about pressure and density were not always effective, but for the most part the UPA animations were brilliant. In spite of having to play "Dr. Research" and to give palpably faked technical instructions on the telephone, Dr. Frank Baxter was engaging and Eddie Albert was a good choice as his opposite, the enthusiastic seeker for knowledge.

But from the contrived beginning—Albert as the scriptwriter wondering how to get "showmanship" into the program, Dr. Baxter suggesting something which is hailed as "the gimmick"—right to the debauching of the St. Francis invocation, the whole production misfired because it was off its own target. The only legitimate purpose of such a program is to draw the interested attention of as many people as possible *to* the subject matter—not to get a high rating by distracting from the central theme.

Several years ago Pat Weaver at NBC announced the principle of "education by exposure." Exposing what to whom is a matter of judgment, to be sure, but the principle is absolutely sound. It implies a deliberate effort to make the subject matter attractive. But this cannot be done if the audience is at the same time exposed to distractions—as if loud and vulgar stories were being told at a wedding ceremony or a surgical operation. The whole effect of "Our Mr. Sun" was to expose us to science and vulgarity at once, and for the first time in my life I understood the feelings of a golfer who is about to swing when his partner says, "Hey, I heard a good joke yesterday . . . ."

A large group of eminent scientists testified to the accuracy of the information transmitted. Only one writer was named and, I suppose, must take the credit and the blame. The writer was Frank Capra.

SOME weeks ago I wrote in this place a review of one of the daily hours produced by Matinee Theatre with something less than complete enthusiasm but with considerable respect for the courage of the producers in presenting, even if they did not penetrate, a human relationship generally considered too bold for daytime television. I saw recently another program in this series: "Cease from Anger," by Eugene Francis. It was an exceptionally absorbing hour. The story was concerned with a boy of sixteen or so who has ample reason to believe that the world of adults is peopled by self-seeking tricksters and determines not to be pushed around, his major motive being to make life easier for his widowed mother. Except for the last three minutes, during which his adversaries were miraculously turned into friends, it was sharply defined, clear, and persuasive. This series, occurring at 3 p.m., EST, on NBC, has recently been examined here by my colleague Robert Lewis Shayon, and all I wish to do is to note that it varies in quality and sometimes the quality is very high.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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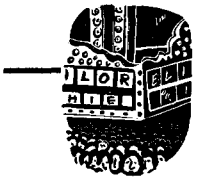

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Broadway Fables

TWO new releases, **"The Rainmaker"** and **"The Teahouse of the August Moon,"** demonstrate Hollywood's increasing dependence upon the stage as a source of material and of talent. While both these pictures have some charm and liveliness to offer us, and are certainly a few cuts above the average level of Hollywood quality, they are nevertheless not the sort of thing calculated to increase, in the long run, the prestige of American film production. "The Rainmaker," although a pleasant enough, sometimes touching, sometimes amusing fable in the school of folksy Americana, is a stage piece pure and simple. Not enough has been done to the story in technical terms to transform it into a completely satisfactory film. It could have been done, but it wasn't.

The reasons for this may be interesting to examine. Hal Wallis, the producer, has had considerable success with stage properties like "Come Back, Little Sheba" and "The Rose Tattoo," and there was no reason for him not to assume that he would have similar success with "The Rainmaker." In the previous two movies his director was Daniel Mann, a stage-trained man who immediately showed ability as a movie director. But because such as Daniel Mann and Elia Kazan have been successful in both mediums is no reason to assume *a priori* that every capable stage director will make a successful movie director. In the case of Joseph Anthony, who directed "The Rainmaker," the stage techniques are all too obvious. Even such trained movie personnel as Katharine Hepburn, Burt Lancaster, and Lloyd Bridges seem to be playing to the balcony instead of to a camera placed directly before them. Their movements are broad and seem immediately artificial on the screen. The stage and the screen do not have the same conventions; it is futile to assume that they do.

Mr. Wallis also brought in the writer of the play, N. Richard Nash, for the screen adaptation. Mr. Nash, too, is basically of the stage, although trained in television drama. Thus, he has not taken advantage of the movie medium's fluidity, something that screenwriters of the caliber of Daniel Taradash and Daniel Fuchs would have done automatically. As an example: Taradash's treatment of "Picnic." It is, unfortunately, true that Hollywood is in an almost total muddle about what to bring to the screen. Its businessmen leaders search frantically for guarantees, formulas, safe bets. They grab up TV plays, stage successes (even an occasional failure), and the latest novels in the hope that what the public has demonstrated an interest in will ensure interest in their movies. They are doing little to develop new directors, new writers, new film craftsmen. Old hands like George Stevens and William Wyler are rightly the kings. They have few challengers. The businessmen might well listen to them, to someone like George Seaton, who virtually on his own is training some young film enthusiasts by letting them in on his productions.

"The Teahouse of the August Moon" is almost as much to the point. The stage-writer John Patrick also adapted his own Broadway success. What is all too apparent is that the screenplay is static by comparison with what would have been possible, that the material thins out as soon as the camera is trained upon it. The charming Okinawan fable of the stage becomes a wisp on the screen. The highly-talented Marlon Brando is virtually wasted as the artificial young Okinawan. Machiko Kyo flutters around prettily, and Daniel Mann, the director, shows himself at a loss when faced with an intractable scenario.

This automatic assumption on the part of Hollywood that a stage success represents a guarantee of quality, prestige, and valuable story material (very often true, of course) may eventually increase rather than decrease the film industry's troubles. The original screen treatment is not, at the moment, the answer. Too many talented film writers have been discouraged away from it, for it is safer for them, too, to adapt, to use someone else's creative effort. It is nevertheless almost incredible, certainly dismaying, to watch Hollywood frittering away its own resources, depending upon other mediums, and ignoring past lessons. It has even failed at what it has so long been good at—the development of stars. Ironically, above-average stories like "The Rainmaker" and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" only serve to make the giant look more helpless.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"Free Prose" and Free Fall

AS THE curtain rises on **"The Night of the Auk"** we hear the sound of a rocket ship blasting its way back towards earth from the moon. This roar, symbol of the Atomic Age and all its dangers, is the more frightening because it is so close to the everyday noises of jet planes and vacuum cleaners. Likewise, designer Howard Bay's space-ship contains no apparatus that does not resemble some accepted gadget of our daily lives. This first trip to the moon, therefore, is for the audience a likely event in their not-too-distant future.

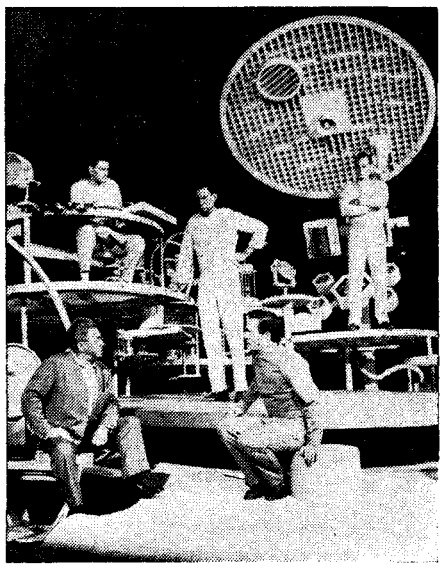
When the men in the rocket begin to speak in what playwright Arch Oboler calls "free prose" (Christopher Fry at hyper-hyperbole) we assume this play is to be cosmic in significance as well as setting. There are, of course, references to the obsoleteness of human senses in an age of self-servicing machines; to the anachronism of worrying about means in an age of fantastic ends. And when a wise old professor suddenly postulates the theory that the moon was devastated by a prehistoric race of creatures who also discovered nuclear fission before they could control it we rejoice that at last the theatre is getting around to what is certainly one of the crucial subjects of our times.

Unfortunately, we haven't been in free fall very long when we discover we have been fighting our way through Mr. Oboler's difficult language to get at some rather conventional melodrama. The billionaire head of the expedition turns out to be a homosexual who murdered his lover by leaving him behind on the moon. Another member of the crew is a father-fixated psychotic who attempts to blackmail the homosexual. There is a healthy young radioman whose thoughts are of mom and his best girl. And there is an Army general who, in atonement for having made hate a way of life, sacrifices himself so that the others may live.

The play is pretentious, though not without fascination. The fascination picks up when Russia and U. S. destroy the world in an hour, leaving our ship stranded in space. This disaster gives Mr. Oboler the opportunity to say some of the things he feels strongly about: the stupidity of meaningless antagonisms between nations, man's failure to cultivate his spiritual capacities at the same time as his scientific ones, "old intellectuals who maybe knew a way out but let the rest of us get lost," the want of international birth control to halt the overpopulation that leads to wars, the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima with no "warning fairly given," our ability to turn our heads away from the human misery we inflicted there to ask "the latest batting average of AT&T and who's on first." In the old professor Mr. Oboler has drawn a character who seems able to suffer for other men's misfortune, a man whose "scar tissues have not thickened over pity and compassion."

Because he is against cynicism and despair, Mr. Oboler ends his play on a note of hope that mankind will not go the way of the auk and the dinosaur. He has his professor say, "The seed will not die. It will build its own immunity to the airborne scourge . . . those men of that tomorrow will give their youth idealism where we gave cynicism . . . true compassion for all where we gave close-lidded prejudice and cash-register chicanery, or double-tongued dogmas and dialectics, and erected curtains of bamboo, iron, or chromium plate that hid the face of man from man."

Under Sidney Lumet's taut direction Claude Rains, Christopher Plummer, Wendell Corey, Dick York, and Martin Brooks make Mr. Oboler's half-Fryed dialogue seem as convincing as possible. But no amount of performing art can disguise the fact that Mr. Oboler has mixed the most admirable intentions and personal convictions with a plot that shrieks f "enslaved" prose.



Howard Bay's set for "The Night of the Auk."

FOR those who cannot afford waste an evening, let it be sa immediately that **"Candide"** is a beat tiful bore. Not that this "comic oper etta," based on Voltaire's devastatin satire of optimism, doesn't have occa sional moments of theatrical effective ness. It does. There is a Blitzsteinis number in which Cunegonde sings the contrasting shame of lost virtu and the pleasures of bright brooche as she puts them on. Her maid add "Only married women can afford t look like whores." Another bright spo is the shipwrecked Candide's conver sation with the pessimistic Martin carried on with delightful absurdit on a moving raft. But for most of th evening the audience laboriously fol lows Candide through a series of dis illusionments about things it is al ready disillusioned about.

It would seem that a musical ver sion of Voltaire's masterpiece woul be well-advised to stress the fact tha it is optimistic metaphysical philoso phy which is being satirized, not tha broad and familiar target "the way o the world." The pre-Broadway tryou included such toughminded number as "What a day, what a day, for an *auto-da-fé*!" and Pangloss's hymn in praise of syphilis, "Dear boy, you will not hear me speak with sorrow or with rancor/ Of what has shriveled up my cheek and blasted it with canker/ 'Twas love, great love, that did the deed through Nature's gentle laws/ And how should ill effects proceed from so divine a cause?" But these apparently proved too unpleasant and were cut. With the spine so weakened, the character Candide seems more a romantic hero than the absurd and gullible victim of his philosophical miseducation. And thus, deprived of the right kind of laughs, director Tyrone Guthrie and librettist Lillian Hellman have resorted to burlesquing the operetta form itself.

Such a conception makes it difficult to assess performances. Robert Rounseville as Candide, Barbara Cook as Cunegonde, and Irra Petina as the single-buttocked daughter of Pope Urban X at moments rise to effectiveness. Max Adrian removes the humor from Dr. Pangloss by delivering the absurd philosophy as if it were Oscar Wilde's. But when he turns round to play the sarcastic Martin his style is more suitable.

Oliver Smith's pictorial settings are gorgeous and full of style. Leonard Bernstein's music is dexterous; he composes arias, duets, schottisches, and gavottes with masterly grasp of craft. "Eldorado," an interesting tune in the vein of Harold Arlen's "Bam-

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boo Cage," and the quartet finale of Act I, in which four characters simultaneously chant different preoccupations, are memorable songs. So too is the waltz "What's the Use?" with the best lyrics of the evening. Since Richard Wilbur, Dorothy Parker, and the late John Latouche had a hand in the lyrics, it is impossible to criticize them. A few are fine, but a great many are undistinguished.

Lillian Hellman's libretto is a wavering one. Her comedy seems labored, her attitude towards the total work unclear. One suspects she sides with Martin in his statement that we live in the worst of all possible worlds, for she takes delight in attaching such old enemies as aristocracy, injustice, racial discrimination, and British imperialism. But this is not what Voltaire was getting at. And it isn't the old musical-comedy spirit. This "Candide" loses the best of two possible worlds by being neither candid nor candied.

THE most delightful musical production of the season was the Columbia Theatre Associates's re-creation of Henry Purcell's 1692 masque **"The Fairy Queen,"** as arranged by John Reich and Nicholas Goldschmidt. Combining this scenic and musical feast with dramatic interludes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the play upon which the masque was originally based, they achieved a triumph of visual and aural splendor. Herbert Senn and Helen Pond designed old-fashioned stage machinery and moving wings that changed magically before the audience's eyes and, because it happened in the small Brander Matthews Theatre, it had all the charm of a Drottningholm. The necessity for so many masque scenes slowed the action considerably, but this inevitable deficiency was somewhat balanced by Edgar Daniels's memorable Bottom and June Deutsch's lovely Titania. —HENRY HEWES.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Callas in "Lucia," Gobbi in "Rigoletto"

LUCIA at the Metropolitan will be something different for some time to come, now that Maria Callas has shown she can be a person of dramatic credibility as well as musical incredibility. In the space of a couple of hours at her first performance, Miss Callas took Lucia from the high trapeze of operatic acrobatics and put her back on stage as a potent dramatic figure of Donizetti's musical imagination. This may be remembered when it is forgotten that no previous singer in the Met's long history has sung Lucia, Tosca, and Norma in a career, let alone in a season.

The question, of course, is not what, but how. There will be those who will say that hers is not the Lucia voice, that it lacks the pinpoint sparkle and the nimble ease of some past performers. But hers is not the conventional Lucia, voice or otherwise. For a character burdened, as few others in the repertory are, with a freight of wooden gestures, loose limbs, and barren leaves of pathos, Miss Callas provided a new dramatic orientation, treating the character from the start as a human being rather than an automaton wound up to give out mechanized responses. She dressed the part as a mistress of a castle might, with taste and style, and provided an economical action for the Mad Scene that made it a scene, as well as mad.

The Callas treatment of the vocal line is, of course, supported by a fuller, richer low and middle voice than is commonly heard. This establishes a basic contrast that realizes much in Donizetti's writing usually slighted. The lighter scoring (than in "Norma," for example) enables her to articulate runs and trills clearly, while giving the melodic inventions the full benefit of her superior sense of word and phrase. Some who had the pleasure to hear Lily Pons's Lucia in its earliest and best days will retain a wholesome respect for its excellencies; but they will also realize that Miss Callas is working with individual means toward different ends.

Each of the successive showpieces —"Regnava del silenzio" in the first act, the duet with Raimondo in the second, and Lucia's part of the sextet —were treated within a dramatic framework that made the Mad Scene an illogical climax to an illogical part. Here, instead of indulging in useless wanderings about the stage with the surface suggestions of dementia, Miss Callas concentrated on interpreting the words with a simplicity and power that absorbed the attention of a capacity audience. When she finished "Ardon gl'incesi," sung with steady accuracy, a full measure of musical meaning, and strongly executed embellishments, the roar of applause was house-wide. The succeeding "Spargi d'amaro pianto" showed some signs of vocal weariness, and the final top E flat (not in the score) was barely struck before she dropped to the floor, ending "life" and all incidental difficulties. Her previous top D's (also unsolicited by the composer, but expected by the audiences) were exclamation points rather than periods.

Amid the raging differences of opinion about the quality of sound she produces—in "Lucia" it struck me as pure and well-formed, though with her own kind of attenuated timbre—the fact stands out that it is used with a breath control and sense of musical purpose few recent singers have considered, let alone achieved. Knowing her voice as well as she knows her business—which is to say, thoroughly —Miss Callas doubtless realizes that she cannot charm the listener by vibrance or prettiness alone, hence the greater concentration on verbal intensities, warm turns of phrase, and a dynamic reserve that produces an occasional, well-planned high spot. In restoring Lucia to a place among the historic challenges to a singing actress, she also leaves some recent aspirants to acceptance in the novice class.

THE kind of generative force that Miss Callas brought to her work was felt not only by the audience but by her fellow performers. Giuseppe Campora's Edgardo is rather wan of voice for this part (he was afflicted by huskiness from time to time), but he worked valiantly nevertheless in an ensemble well led by Nicola Moscona's substantial Raimondo. The Enrico Ashton was Carlo Sordello, who recently made a debut in "Boheme" and showed not much more than the same serviceable baritone and rather conventional dramatic impulses. However, he is an intelligent performer. Comments on the current staging of "Lucia" (including the sextet) are a temptation to be reserved for another time. Fausto Cleva sustained his recent level of devotion to the composer's interests in both the uncon-

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ventional and the conventional aspects of the occasion.

Another kind of vitality was provided by Tito Gobbi, en route from engagements elsewhere to his native Italy, in a "Rigoletto" with Jan Peerce and Mattiwilda Dobbs. This forceful artist, whose keen sense of the stage was manifest in a visiting Scarpia last season, is never less than interesting though sometimes less than satisfying. He had, unquestionably, heard that the Metropolitan has a loud Rigoletto or two, and put himself out to match the local standard in volume without matching the local standard in quality. This tended not only to accentuate the negative qualities of the voice, but also to diminish the positive qualities of his artistry. It was inevitable, after overproducing for the sake of effect in "Pari siamo," that he would push himself slightly sharp in the duet with Gilda, a pattern that recurred later. However, this is no indictment of the real vigor and dramatic effect in his "reading" of Rigoletto (its dramatic excellencies entitle it to the acting terminology), which could conceivably have a settled distinction of its own if he performed frequently at the Metropolitan and did his own kind of performance consistently. He did, certainly, have a solid success with the audience, and he would be a stimulating presence for a longer engagement were it mutually feasible.

Peerce's Duke continues to be a fount of musical impulse and a rewarding source of vocal pleasure, Miss Dobbs's Gilda expectably erratic. That is to say, as her fluency and poise in the upper range of the voice become familiar the weakness below tends to stand out. Her musicality and modesty are treasurable qualities, and she is unquesionably earnest; but the great opportunity which faces her will be missed if she doesn't strengthen those aspects presently weak, and consolidate the virtues she possesses. Georgio Tozzi was the suitable Sparafucile in a performance again creditable to conductor Cleva.

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS surrounded a new area of enterprise (Oriental) when he took on Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" in succession to "Manon Lescaut" and "Tosca." Perhaps for lack of sufficient preparation, this was a less profitable venture, the Mitropoulos idea of tempi (in Act I especially) varying from the conventional, to which the ensemble is accustomed. In the largely solo scenes that follow matters were better adjusted, some aspects of the scoring uncommonly clarified.

Licia Albanese's Butterfly, better acted, more suitably dressed than ever, commands respect for its artistry and intensity, though the vocal "gamut" now is one coloration, and not a very bright one. The mostly young cast with her offered a promising but vocally awkward Pinkerton by Daniel Barioni, a good-looking, well-sounding Sharpless by Clifford Harvuot, and a particularly apt if not wholly settled Suzuki by Rosalind Elias.

IN prospect, the mating of Andre Cluytens (as co-conductor) with the Vienna Philharmonic on its recently concluded American tour did not seem a happy one, and the results in a Haydn (Symphony No. 96), Strauss ("Death and Transfiguration"), and Brahms (Symphony No. 4) program in Carnegie Hall argued a mismatch. Perhaps it was effective of Cluytens to make it sound like another orchestra than it had previously under Carl Schuricht, but with the leaner brass, more brilliant string sound, and generally shiny patina it deprived those present of the reason the house was sold out—to hear the typically full, vibrant Vienna sound.

Cluytens is a man with his own kind of podium presence, the sort that tends to separate the music from the audience rather than conducting it (in the electrical sense) from players to listeners. The Haydn was spirited, certainly, and not without taste, but it sounded to me the Haydn of symphonies called "La Reine" and "L'Ours" rather than the heartier, more spacious sound he developed for the work in question, written for London. The wonderful qualities of the orchestra were much in evidence, but rather filtered and thinned out. Cluytens played the Strauss for show rather than for meaning, which is, inevitably, to expose its least attractive aspects. Too many loud climaxes and insufficient mood gave us a Frenchified Strauss of no really authentic character.

Oddly, the day was tinged with the same accent elsewhere when Paul Paray conducted, at a Philharmonic matinee, a program taken over from the late Guido Cantelli. Its major matter was Schubert's C major Symphony. Nationalistic attributions in music-making can be pushed to an extreme, but it happens that Paray's taste in Schubertian sonorities tended to the same coloration as Cluytens's in Haydn and Strauss. That is to say, the warm vibrant sound that seems to me basic in the mellow richness of Schubert's thought was nasalized and suppressed. Thus, the performance had *esprit, elan,* and *joi de vivre,* but nothing remotely approaching *Schwarmerei.*

PAUL BADURA-SKODA chanced a new measurement of his pianistic talent in Town Hall when he played the Opus 111 (C minor) sonata of Beethoven for the first time here. It is a certainty it will not be the last, either, for the young man's insight into its depths and spaces is both searching and personal. Not everything was articulated with ideal clarity, and a tempo or two got out of hand now and then, but the comprehension of the problems posed by Beethoven was exceptional, the performer's right to state his views on such a work self-evident. Along with Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy" and Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit" he presented a new "Partita" by Jenö v. Takáes which suggested a questing musical mind if, as yet, not a compelling kind of organizational sense. It was brilliantly performed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Footnote

To "Part of a Novel, Part of a Poem, Part of a Play," by Marianne Moore

By Lysander Kemp

DÜRER would have seen a reason for living
in a town like this, with eight stranded whales
to look at; with the sweet sea air coming into the house
on a fine day from across the blue water which
it wrinkles neatly while it also puffs out
easily a dozen snipe-class
white sails.

It could not be sweet air long: three days of the
sun, that fosters life but never condones
death, and he would have smelled infallible reasons for
leaving. One dead whale is too many. Eight, with the
wind onshore . . . Later, of course, the children play
among the prehistoric-looking
new bones.

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Books for Young People

"The Cat Who Thought He Was a Tiger."

BOOKS make ideal Christmas gifts for children. They are gay and colorful, they last long after many toys are smashed to bits, and they establish in the child's thinking the importance of the ownership of books. By careful selection of books as gifts year after year a fine collection will be built up for the child, and he will develop a feeling for books of his own. Selection should always be based on a knowledge of the child—his reading abilities and interests—and of books, old and new, that would be appropriate for him.

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, Storytelling Specialist, Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Helen Fuller, Supervisor, Work with Boys and Girls, Long Beach (California) Public Library; Leone F. Garvey, Supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Berkeley (California) Public Library, and Lecturer, School of Librarianship, University of California; Sarah Jones, Chief Library Consultant, Georgia State Department of Education; and Norma Rathbun, Chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee (Wisconsin) Public Library.

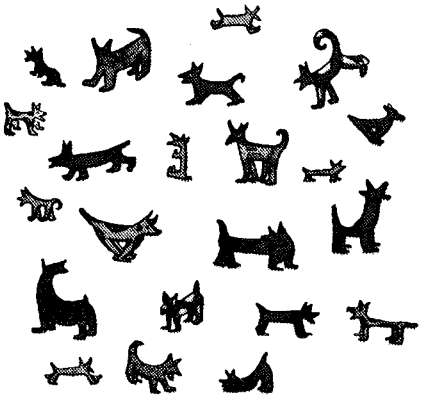
—Frances Lander Spain, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.*

ROAR AND MORE. *By Karla Kuskin. Illustrated by the author. Harper.* $2. The very young should enjoy this simple, often daft, account of the sounds made by eleven creatures. This participation book will lend hilarity to the preschool story hour and much laughter in family reading. The author-artist is well aware of the cast of humor in the youngest, and one should be warned that this could be a very noisy book at times, for the children will want to roar with the lion and thump and thump with the kangaroo. However, purring like the cat and making bubbly sounds like the fish give balance and relief. The illustrations are simple, clear, and clever. —Leone Garvey.

THE CAT WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A TIGER. *Written and illustrated by Polly Cameron. Coward-McCann.* $2. Polly Cameron, in her first published book for children, has written a delightful story of a silly little cat who thought he was a tiger because he was different from his brothers and sisters. He would not sleep in the house because he thought tigers slept in trees, nor would he drink milk because he thought tigers ate grass. When he joins the circus and sees a real tiger he finds out, to his delight, that he is a cat after all. The stylized illustrations add charm and interest to the tale. —Sarah Jones.

1—2—3—4—5. *Verses by Arthur Gregor. Photographs by Robert Doiseneau. Lippincott.* $2.50. Parents will welcome this unique presentation of the number concepts up to twelve. The handsome photographs and original marginal illustrations deserve much better verses. Small children will find much to fascinate them in the pictures. Interesting end-papers might have been drawn by the children themselves. —Helen Fuller.

BABAR'S FAIR. *Written and illustrated by Laurent De Brunhoff. Translated by Merle Haas. Random House.* $3.50. Babar, the lovable elephant, sponsors a big fair in Celesteville in celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the city. The beasts for miles around join enthusiastically in the plans for the fair and come in hordes to the exposition. Pam, Flora, and Alexander explore to their hearts' content the kangaroo booth, the monkey's balcony, and the giraffe's castle. Alexander, the rascal, has an unfortunate experience while he is skin-diving, but is rescued by his new friend, the duck. Devotées of Babar will welcome this new edition to the series. It has all the charm, whimsey, and color of the other Babar books. —S. J.



—*From "Roar and More."*

". . . roar . . . thump, thump . . . purr . . ."

SEA LADY. *By Julie Forsyth Batchelor. Illustrated by William M. Hutchinson. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.25. Denny, aged eleven, was sure the peddler he met that April day in 1814 was a British spy. Sea Lady, the beautiful figurehead carved by his grandfather, was in grave danger that foggy night the British stole into town and destroyed the shipyards, demonstrating the validity of Denny's suspicion about the spy. Denny proved that "it's bein' brave in your heart that counts!" The drama and excitement of this tale will appeal to fourth- and fifth-graders. The spirited black-and-white drawings are unusually fine. —H. F.

THE ENCHANTED SCHOOLHOUSE. *By Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Hugh Troy. Viking.* $2.50. Brian Boru Gallagher of Donegal crossed the seas to visit his Uncle Seumus, recently settled in Lobster Cove, Maine. Brian Boru took with him the family's most precious possession, a brown earthenware teapot, in which he placed a wee fairyman. He took also the memories of his old schoolhouse, shaded by trees, bedecked with flowers, surrounded by a green lawn—so different from the ugly, deteriorated schoolhouse he found in America. He and his fairyman soon turned the little fishing village topsy-turvy but the result was a new schoolhouse. Brian Boru and the wee man returned to Ireland, and Lobster Cove settled down. This is a version of the old Pied Piper theme with a touch of Irish magic. A good Irish story and Ruth Sawyer are synonymous and the book is true to her tradition of leprechauns and "fairy doings." Hugh Troy's illustrations are delightful and they have caught the humor and charm of the story.

—Augusta Baker.

SWORD OF FRANCISCO. *By Charles G. Wilson. Illustrated by Roy Campbell. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.* $2.50. Charlie Morrison, a young Pennsylvanian, renders valuable service to General Washington at Chadd's Ford near Brandywine and meets a new friend, the huge Peter Francisco. Charlie travels with the Army, is accused of being a spy, is imprisoned by the British, escapes, and finally takes part in General Greene's campaign in the South. The unknown background of Peter, the proud owner of a large sword especially commissioned by General Washington, introduces an element of mystery into the story. Libraries seeking additional fiction on the Revolutionary War period will find the book useful. —S. J.

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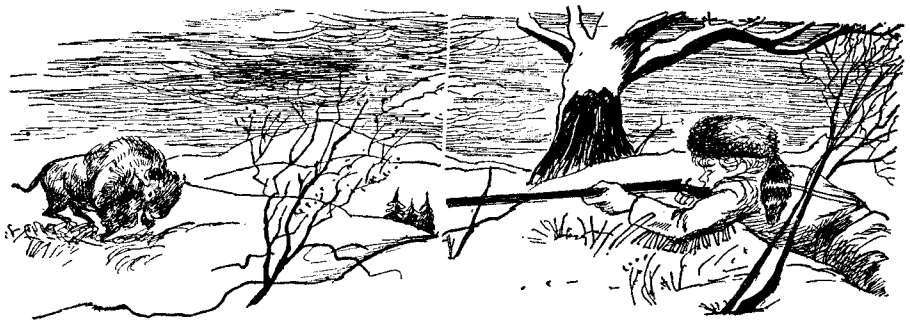
THE PINTO DEER. *By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Isami Kashiwagi. Viking.* $2.50. Summer vacation was a busy time for John Michelson, a time to earn money to return to college. Because he knew every wooded foot of the Sourland Mountain he had two jobs, one to capture a pinto marked deer for a private zoo, the other to assist a botanist in her search for native ferns. Her daughter Billy, an unpredictable eleven-year-old, became, to John's surprise, an engaging companion. Both jobs led to mysterious events: he uncovered the illegal poaching activities of two surly brothers and, unknowingly, helped Billy find her missing grandfather. This second story about John and the Sourland is quite readable, but it is not so well written nor is the plot so well constructed as most of the books written by this popular writer for boys twelve to sixteen. —L. G.

THE LONE HUNT. *By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Again William Steele has told an exciting story of a pioneer boy on the Tennessee frontier and his battle with the elements. Yancy was fascinated by his grandfather's tales of buffalo, and when he had an opportunity to hunt the last one in the hills he was determined to get it. This involved almost more than a twelve-year-old could take alone—alone, except for his beloved dog, Blue. The acceptance that Blue had to lose his life in the river while he was driving out the buffalo was part of Yancy's growing-up, and gave him the right to take a responsible place in his family. —F. L. S.

STARS OF FORTUNE. *Written and illustrated by Cynthia Harnett. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $3. Cynthia Harnett, 1951 Carnegie Medal Winner for "Nicholas and the Wool-Pack," has used the political intrigue of sixteenth-century England as her background for this historical story. Laurence Washington and his family are involved in the plot to free Princess Elizabeth from her Woodstock prison so that Francis and his young sister, Anne, have exciting and mysterious adventures. This is a well-written, lively, suspenseful story based on fact, and the author has skilfully recreated this period of English history. Her black-and-white illustrations fully interpret the text and a "family tree" shows the relationship of the Washington family to our George Washington. This book, originally published in England, is welcome in its American edition. —A. B.



—*From "The Lone Hut."*

". . . a pioneer boy on the Tennessee frontier."

TRUE LOVE FOR JENNY. *By Melbane Holoman Burgwyn. Lippincott,* $2.75. Jenny's fifteenth year is involved not only with the usual teen-age problems—young love and popularity—but, puzzling to her, with estrangement from her mother. When Jenny discovers that it is her grandmother's interference that her mother resents she finds a new interest for her grandmother in the Old People's Home of the town which Jenny's club has taken over for its project. Although the problems attacked by Jenny and her friends seem quite mature for so young a group, the story is convincing, and the book is a happy balance of young love, popularity, and the community project. For teen-age girls. —Norma Rathbun.

THE PLUME HUNTERS MYSTERY. *By Mary Nickerson Wallace. Illustrated by Jean Porter. McKay.* $2.50. The Florida everglades at the time egret hunting was first prohibited provides an unusual background for this mystery story. Circumstances throw suspicion upon Red Smith as the person who drowned old Klondike, the man with whom he lived. Marion and Bob Adams have been Red's close friends, but recent events have created a rift in the friendship. However, their sincere efforts to understand and help eventually break through Red's aloofness and together the three unravel the mystery. This is better than many mysteries where children solve all the problems singlehanded. Greater skill is shown in constructing a plausible plot than in writing. It contains a great deal of interesting information about wild life in the everglades. —H. F.

TRAIL BLAZER OF THE SEAS. *By Jean Lee Latham. Illustrated by Victor Mays. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. This story of Matthew Maury, who during the 1800s was a pioneer in many naval developments. Weather analysis, a naval academy, and the beginning of the plans for laying the Atlantic cable, all were greatly aided by the work of this man with many ideas, for which he worked in spite of much opposition. A well-executed biography, but it lacks the warm and human quality of the author's "Carry on Mr. Bowditch." The illustrations are not as distinguished as those in the first book, and for these two reasons it will meet, rather than create, an interest among readers twelve to sixteen. —N. R.

SOME NATURE BOOKS: A number of small, well-written, and profusely illustrated books on individual animals, birds, and insects have been published in recent months. Each tells clearly and, though briefly, in adequate detail the life cycle, characteristics, foods, and habitat of its subject. All are for the beginner in nature study, easy to read, and attractive in format. Among these books are:

Hawks. *Written and illustrated by Charles L. Ripper.* Morrow, $2.

Frogs and Polliwogs. *By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Illustrated by Nils Hogner.* Crowell, $2.50.

Fire-fly. *By Paul McCutcheon Sears. Illustrated by Glen Rounds.* Holiday House, $2.

Here Come the Whales! *By Alice E. Goudey. Pictures by Garry MacKenzie.* Scribner, $2.25.

Spinning Wings. *By Lucy Gallup. Illustrated by Dimitri Alexandroff.* Morrow, $2.50.

Green Darner. *By Robert M. McClung. Illustrated by the author.* Morrow, $2.

Crickets. *By Olive L. Earle. Illustrated by the author.* Morrow, $2.

—F. L. S

A Book Award

THE Jane Addams Children's Book Award for 1956, given by the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom to a book which helps children understand other peoples and the problems of today, has just been presented to Arno Bontemps for "Story of the Negro." This book was published first in 1948 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and was reissued in 1955 in a new edition. Mr. Bontemps, who has written other books for children, is head librarian at Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee.

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Woodrow Wilson and 1912

Continued from page 9

ers of Jefferson, there is one principle of Jefferson's which no longer can obtain in the practical politics of America. You know that it was Jefferson who said that the best government is that which does as little governing as possible, which exercises its power as little as possible. That was said in a day when the opportunities of America were so obvious to every man, when every individual was so free to use his powers without let or hindrance, that all that was necessary was that the government should withhold its hand and see to it that every man got an opportunity to act if he would. But that time is past. America is not now, and cannot in the future be, a place for unrestricted individual enterprise. It is true that we have come upon an age of great cooperative industry. It is true that we must act absolutely upon that principle.

WILSON repeatedly contended that Roosevelt's plan for regulation of monopoly called for the delegation of too much power to the proposed trade commission and would result in a government of men. The very vigor with which Roosevelt championed the regulation of corporations and the fact that he did advocate the delegation of considerable power to the regulatory commission made him vulnerable to Wilson's attack. In fact, Wilson's hammering on this point appears to have made such an impression on Roosevelt that during the latter part of the campaign he sought to clarify his position; he put himself very close to the position that Wilson had taken in his New Haven address. At this stage the main difference between the two candidates on the trust question was that Roosevelt was more specific and emphatic in his declaration of intention to have the proposed trade commission given the necessary powers to enforce the new law.

Another thing that has undoubtedly contributed to the notion of Wilson as an enemy of strong Federal government is his well-known distrust of commissions and experts. He went into the campaign with a distinct distrust for governmental commissions. Before very long (probably owing to Brandeis's influence) he admitted the advisability of establishing a commission to regulate competition, being careful, however, to specify that the powers of the commission should be defined precisely by law. Wilson acknowledged that under existing conditions an individual had to have courage to go to the courts and challenge the power of those in control of industries. Hence he readily admitted that there might be a need for "special tribunals" and "special processes," but he was "absolutely opposed to leaving it to the choice of those tribunals what the processes of law shall be and the means of remedy."

At Sioux City, Iowa, two weeks after Labor Day, Wilson criticized Roosevelt for relying too much on the advice of the Remsen Board in the handling of the pure food problem. A narrow approach to this question, he contended, had resulted in the continued use of benzoate of soda to conceal putrefaction of food. Wilson again expressed his distaste for government experts:

> I want to warn the people of this country to beware of commissions of experts. I have lived with experts all my life, and I know that experts don't see anything except what is under their microscope under their eye. They don't perceive what is under their nose. An expert feels in honor bound to confine himself to the particular question which you have asked him.

This belief of Wilson's that each important problem facing the nation should be considered in its totality rather than in dissevered parts was not a new idea to Wilson. As president of Princeton he had insisted that technical training was not enough to cope with the problems of the world. "The managing minds of the world, even the efficient working minds of the world," he asserted in his inaugural address as president of Princeton, "must be equipped for a mastery whose chief characteristic is adaptability, play, and initiative which transcends the bounds of mere technical training." He believed that the "truly educated man" must always be mindful of the "subtle and yet universal connections of things."

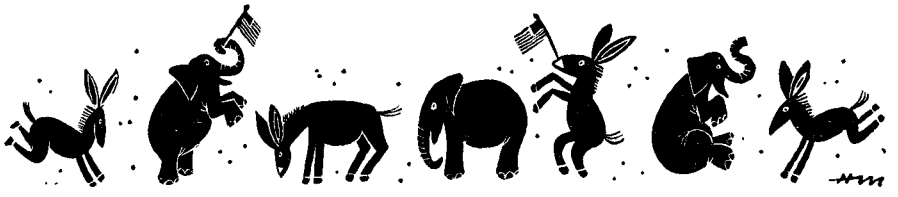
But there was more than this behind Wilson's objections to government by experts. He saw in it a threat to what he called "government by discussion," a phrase probably derived from Walter Bagehot. In his address at Clarksburg, West Virginia (October 19, 1912), he drew a contrast between "government by discussion" and "government by control":

> I have been trying all day to find some phrase in which to tell you my own impression of what it is that the United States, particularly the most thoughtful people in the United States, desire to see done. The nearest I have come to it is this: that they desire to see discussion supersede control. We have had a government not by public opinion, not by diffused and general public opinion, but by private concert of action. We have had government by control instead of government by discussion, and government by control must always sooner or later fall under just suspicion; whereas government by discussion must always be blown through with a pure air of outdoors and the influences that come from the great bodies of the people itself.

NOW, what about Wilson and social justice in 1912? "The interest of this country," he declared in his speech at the Yorkville Casino in New York City (September 4, 1912), "is founded, in the last analysis, upon its material prosperity and its social justice." He placed material prosperity first, he said, because, "you can't attend to your spiritual interests unless you are at least physically sustained."

Far from savagely attacking Roosevelt's proposals for social-justice legislation, Wilson had words of praise for this part of his opponent's program. Believing that a minimum-wage law would result in a lowering of wages, he did object to Roosevelt's proposal to establish a minimum wage for women, but he did not combat social justice itself. What he did oppose most forcefully, time and again during the campaign, was the placing of the Progressive Republican Party, which he charged with being an ally of big business, in control of a social reform program. This, he said, would not result in the establishment of social justice, which would come only from below, but in paternalism, in justice dispensed from above and willed by the great corporations.

At the Parade Grounds in Minneapolis (September 18, 1912) he discussed at some length the need to conserve the human resources of America, and advocated improvement of working conditions in the factories. He warned that this would come only



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after a change in the point of view of government. While denying that the Progressive Republicans should be trusted to carry out a program of social reform, he endorsed most of their aims in these words:

> I want to say here, as I have said on so many other occasions, that there is a great deal in the program of the new third party which attracts all public-spirited and hopeful men, that there is a great program of human uplift included in the platform of that party. A man would be niggardly and untrue to himself who would not say that. But when I ask myself who is going to carry out this program, then the thing wears another aspect.

In a speech at Newark, New Jersey (October 29, 1912), Wilson admitted that "one branch of the Republican Party" was making "some very persuasive arguments in favor of social justice." In this connection he made the following comments:

> Now, I hope I do not have to say to you that I am in favor of social justice, but I want to know who is going to get it for you and when. Does anybody suppose that either branch of the Republican Party can possibly control the next House of Representatives, plus the next Senate, plus the next Presidency? Doesn't everybody know that the only possible way of uniting those three forces in a common enterprise is to vote the Democratic ticket? If you want social justice, when do you want it? Now, two years from now, four years from now? I tell you solemnly, ladies and gentlemen, we cannot postpone justice any longer in the United States.

LET us now consider Wilson's 1912 speeches as a source of clues as to his personality. For this purpose these extemporaneous utterances are very rewarding. They show that he was no doctrinaire. Although he had certain guiding principles in 1912, he kept his New Freedom program elastic rather than rigid. And his speeches reveal that he was fully aware that his political views had changed considerably within the space of a few years. When Roosevelt and other Republican Progressives quoted some of his 1907 utterances to prove his conversion to progressivism was recent, he made the following reply in his Cleveland speech:

> These gentlemen [the Republican Progressives] say that if the Democratic Party gets into power it will follow the old Jeffersonian idea of taking its hands off, that what we need is more power, not less power. Why, Mr. Roosevelt has had a great deal of amusement expounding what he believes to be my political philosophy. He is going a long journey, and I bid him welcome to that jungle. I am not interested in my political philosophy; I am interested in what he is going to do and in what he is thinking about, and . . . I would invite him to be interested in what I am thinking about and am going to do.

Again, far from the picture of Wilson as the stern, monolithic personality is the extemporaneous humor which crops out again and again in his 1912 campaign speeches. At Union City, Indiana, for instance, he was pressed into making a rear-platform speech. Although this kind of campaigning was not to his taste, he delighted his small audience in the following manner:

> I am very much obliged to you for this greeting which I did not expect. I have a rather strong objection to talking from the back platform of a train. I believe that the back platform just now belongs to the Republicans and not to the Democrats. We belong on the front platform. Not only that, but this is the kind of platform that I don't like to stand on. It changes too often. It moves around and shifts its ground too often. I like a platform that stays put.

Also the introductory passages of these speeches often contain rippling humorous passages. At New Haven, after Governor Baldwin of Connecticut had introduced him to an audience in especially glowing terms, Wilson responded in the following manner:

> The introduction reminds me by contrast with the remark made to me by a gentleman a good many months ago after I had appeared before a good many audiences. He said that he ventured to say that if I had an opportunity to add a petition to the litany it would be: "From all introducers and traducers, Good Lord, deliver us." But I would own, for I had had other experiences like this evening, that I counted myself peculiarly happy in my introducers and that I could not have more prudently chosen my traducers if I had chosen them myself.

There are also numerous superb passages which typify Wilson's lofty idealism. One of these, his peroration at Scranton, describes the mission of America:

> The vision of America will never change. America once, when she was a little people, sat upon a hill of privilege and had a vision of the future. She saw men happy because they were free. She saw them free because they were equal. She saw them banded together because they had the spirit of brothers. She saw them safe because they did not wish to impose upon one another. And the vision is not changed. The multitude has grown, that welcome multitude that comes from all parts of the world to seek a safe place of life and of hope in America. And so America will move forward, if she moves forward at all, only with her face to that same sun of promise. Just so soon as she forgets the sun in the heavens, just so soon as she looks so intently upon the road before her and around her that she does not know where it leads, then will she forget what America was created for; her light will go out; the nations will grope again in darkness and they will say: "Where are those who prophesied a day of freedom for us? Where are the lights that we followed?"

Last of all, Wilson's essential humility, his realization of himself as a fallible human being, subject to the judgment of posterity. These were the words in which he told his audience at Detroit (September 19, 1912) how it felt for the historian to play a role in important historical events:

> I pity the man who in the year 1912 promises the people of the United States anything that he cannot give them. I used to say sometimes when I was attempting to write history that I could sit on the side lines and look on with a certain degree of complacency upon the men who were performing in the arena of politics; because, I said, after the game is over some quiet fellow like myself will sit down in a remote room somewhere and tell the next generation what to think of you fellows, and they will think what he tells them to think. He assesses; he sums up. You may talk yourselves tired, and your own estimate of yourselves will be discounted.
>
> And now that I am myself exposed I think of that quiet jury sitting in those rooms surrounded by nothing but shelves and books and documents. I think of the anticipated verdict of another generation, and I know that the only measure and standard by which a man can rise or fall is the standard of absolute integrity; that he can deceive nobody but himself and his own generation for a little space.

So it was that Wilson, like Winston Churchill, realized that history alone held the final answer.

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Without Compromise

***"Woodrow Wilson and the Politics of Morality," by John Morton Blum** (Little, Brown. 215 pp. $3.50), a new volume in the Library of American Biography, is a critical reappraisal of the leadership of the World War I President. Walter Johnson, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, is our reviewer.*

By Walter Johnson

WOODROW WILSON has long had a fascination for biographers, historians, and students of politics. Here was a Christian statesman with a deep faith in a morally guided universe, a confident belief in his own destiny to lead men at home and abroad away from evil to the path of greatness. His Presbyterian stubbornness helped him surmount formidable obstacles, but at the same time produced an inflexibility and a sense of self-righteousness. At times this hindered his leadership in a democratic society where compromise was essential to progress.

As President, Wilson played a significant role in formulating democratic ideals and aspirations, in pushing toward an adjustment of capitalism to democracy, in strengthening the office of the Presidency, and in stirring some comprehension of the new position of the nation in world affairs. But, as John M. Blum insists in the newest volume in the Library of American Biography, "Wilson's was a nineteenth-century intelligence, obsolescing at a rapid rate." His conscience and intellect, stern and bright as they were, "stood still while the race of time transfigured the world they understood."

Professor Blum (author of "Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era" and "The Republican Roosevelt") brings to this study of Wilson a keen understanding of the important issues of the day, a familiarity with the major figures and forces molding events, and a thorough knowledge of the manuscript and published literature of the Wilson era. The result is a frank, often blunt, analysis of Wilson's strengths and weaknesses. Wilson's skill at projecting his ideas to the public and mobilizing support for legislation as governor of New Jersey and as President, his sensitivity to the demand for domestic reform, and his ability to steer legislation through Congress are well developed by Mr. Blum. But Wilson's naivete in world affairs, his lack of knowledge of the forces that brought World War I, and his sentimental pacifism receive severe censure. Wilson's failure to examine the assumptions behind our neutrality policy from 1913 to 1917, Mr. Blum believes, allowed mistaken sentiments to flourish in the nation. One might go further and suggest that Wilson not only allowed this confusion toward our future allies to grow, but that he encouraged it. Then, as the author observes, we entered the war without an understanding of the real issue in terms of the importance of Europe to America's own security. Instead Wilson misled the nation by describing it as a war for democracy and freedom, thus complicating the peace-making when the realities of world politics came to the fore.

At the Versailles Peace Conference it was amazing that Wilson accomplished as much as he did, but he had aroused the nation to believe that a new heaven and a new earth would be achieved. When these expectations could not be attained a coalition of isolationists, pacifists, prewar progressives, Irish-Americans, German-Americans, Italian-Americans, and partisan Republicans was forged to defeat the Versailles Treaty and our entrance into the League of Nations.

This coalition, Mr. Blum believes, would not have been successful, however, if Wilson had been flexible enough to work out a compromise with those favoring mild reservations to the League. "Wilson at his healthy best brought the treaty to the shoals," Mr. Blum concludes. "Wilson at his crippled worst steered it to disaster. This was sad for him, his country, and the world. But it was evil that irresponsible partisans—Republicans like Lodge, Democrats who followed a blind leader though they could see—permitted it to happen. Wilson's disintegration did not excuse the hollow workings of their vanity."

LOOKING back on the Wilson record, the author feels that the healthy heritage he left overbalanced Wilson's weaknesses and mistaken assumptions. "In office and in memory," Mr. Blum observes, "he served not just the people who elected him but also decency, the dignity of the individual, and therefore democracy."

Mr. Blum's book is a highly readable and constructive analysis of Wilson and his times. The manner in which Wilson's ideas were developed and the interplay of domestic and world events on them illuminates the trials of a nation seeking adjustment to the incredible changes of the twentieth century.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Resist imaginary wrong (from 17th cent. literature; 2 wds.).	133 171 187 178 125 65 123 45 34 14 104
B. Amer. director of archeological expeditions to Egypt and Mesopotamia, prof. at Univ. of Chicago (1865-1935).	50 121 60 51 186 113 67 105 47 159 6
C. Scottish author, devastating criticism of Wordsworth's "Excursion" (1773-1850); a long-needle pine of western N.A.	150 85 110 160 38 182 117
D. A kind of chimney cap or louvers in a belfry (French; comp.).	56 42 1 145 107 80 124 153
E. Palmistry.	129 114 164 83 94 142 71 74 13 39
F. Give longer service than.	37 7 111 95 58 154 25
G. Science of the motion of projectiles.	2 82 49 97 89 152 55 69 190 46
H. Form of the really ancient books.	128 98 16 18 22 52
I. Feature of the sun visible only during total eclipse.	158 79 131 161 100 115 144 26 146 15 77 91
J. A barb of a feather, used in making artificial flies.	170 132 30 86
K. President of Colombia with whom U.S. had many dealings about Panama, 1903-9.	59 191 177 54 87
L. Yellow.	12 118 78 149 175 44 21 68

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Convivial sounding river, 220 miles long in E. Germany.	165 28 66 185 106
N. Wild songster.	138 126 188 4 20 62
O. Following "Mlle," stage name of French actress Boutet, a favorite of Napoleon.	173 27 63 8
P. Crystallized juice of sugar cane.	157 3 88 119 147 33 41 176
Q. Umbrage.	180 103 32 92 120 19 76 172 31
R. Serving to summon forth; developing.	108 36 167 84 130 139 127 75 101
S. Dull; having lost its life or spirit.	168 189 81 179 184
T. The parallel projection of a circle on a plane.	5 166 135 140 155 17 29
U. Proprietor of famous old "Elixir" once widely used as flavoring for alcoholic drinks and as a tonic.	136 102 99 151 10 112 93 109 183
V. Aromatic herb used in salads, Anthriscus cerefolium.	72 163 137 162 23 35 156
W. Rhetorical term for use in successive phrases of initial words of similar meaning.	169 57 143 43 64 116 73
X. Amer. woman archeologist, authority on Mexico (1858-1933).	141 53 181 61 48 11 90
Y. The color puce (2 wds.).	96 134 148 174 9 70 40 24 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 D		2 G	3 P	4 N	5 T		6 B	7 F	8 O	9 Y		10 U	11 X	12 L
13 E	14 A	15 I	16 H	17 T		18 H	19 Q		20 N	21 L	22 H	23 V	24 Y	25 F			26 I
27 O	28 M	29 T	30 J	31 Q		32 Q	33 P	34 A		35 V	36 R	37 F	38 C	39 E			40 Y
41 P	42 D	43 W	44 L	45 A	46 G		47 B	48 X	49 G	50 A		51 B	52 H	53 X	54 K		
55 G	56 D	57 W	58 F	59 K	60 A		61 X	62 N	63 O	64 W	65 A		66 M	67 B	68 L	69 G	
70 Y	71 E	72 V	73 W		74 E	75 R	76 Q	77 I		78 L	79 I	80 D		81 S	82 G	83 E	
84 R	85 C	86 J	87 K		88 P	89 G	90 X	91 I	92 Q		93 U	94 E		95 F	96 Y	97 G	
98 H	99 U	100 I	101 R		102 U	103 Q	104 A	105 B		106 M	107 D	108 R		109 U	110 C		
111 F	112 U	113 B		114 E	115 I	116 W	117 C		118 L	119 P	120 Q	121 A	122 Y		123 A	124 D	
	125 A	126 N	127 R	128 H		129 E	130 R	131 I	132 J	133 A	134 Y	135 T		136 U	137 V	138 N	
139 R	140 T	141 X	142 E		143 W	144 I		145 D	146 I	147 P	148 Y	149 L		150 C	151 U	152 G	
153 D		154 F		155 T	156 V	157 P	158 I	159 B		160 C	161 I	162 V		163 V	164 E	165 M	
	166 T	167 R	168 S	169 W		170 J	171 A	172 Q		173 O	174 Y	175 L	176 P	177 K		178 A	
179 S	180 Q		181 X	182 C	183 U	184 S	185 M	186 B		187 A	188 N	189 S	190 G	191 K			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 43 of this issue.

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